VOGUE

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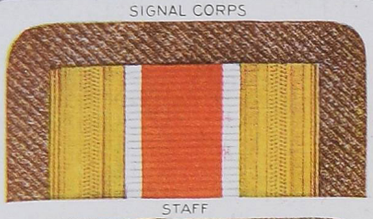

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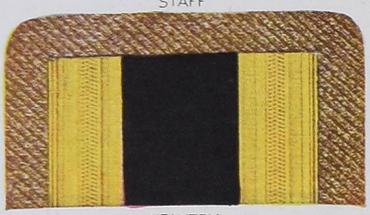

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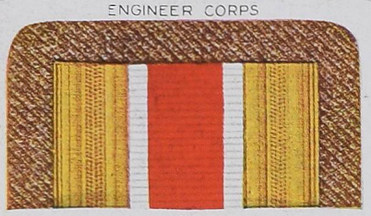

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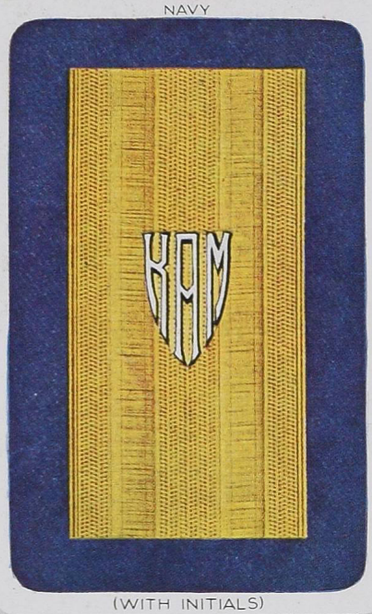

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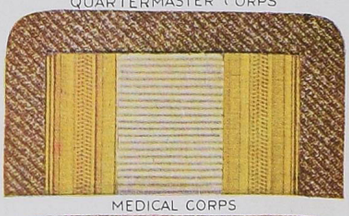

MEDICAL CORPS

(WITH MONOGRAM)

UNITED SERVICE PLAYING CARDS

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AVIATION

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(WITH ARMS OF SIXTH REGIMENT)

The backs of these cards combine the Khaki of the Army and of the Marine Corps, with the full-dress uniform braids of the various branches thereof. The Navy is in the Blue and Gold.

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ORDNANCE

CAVALRY

(WITH ARMS OF FIRST REGIMENT)

The RED CROSS DRIVE *for* UNIVERSAL MEMBERSHIP. ONE DOLLAR MAKES YOU *a* MEMBER

DO you realize that universal membership would mean that the Red Cross would have a fund of one hundred million dollars?

Perhaps you think it doesn't need so much money as that—but it does. It needs it for dressings and bandages; for clothing for refugees; for lunches for the sadly underfed school children of France; for packages for soldiers in prison camps—for all its thousand and one errands of mercy.

One branch of the Red Cross which will appeal to every one is the work it has undertaken for the disabled soldiers and sailors through the Red Cross Institute. This work is described in an article on page 61.

The Various Branches of the Red Cross

Then there are the clerical branches of the Red Cross, which look up men who have been wounded or taken prisoner and get news of them for anxious relatives, or—at the other end—the branches which write letters home for sick and wounded men in the hospitals. You all know what the Red Cross does; it seems as unnecessary to make an appeal for it as to state the advantages of sunshine.

The Red Cross nurse on this page is a symbol of the marvellous work that has been done for the wounded since Florence Nightingale devoted her life to relieving the incredible sufferings of the battle-fields. That we now have the satisfaction of knowing that the men who are willing "to die for an idea" will have all possible care and comfort if they are ill or wounded is due to the unflagging energy and the masterly organization of the Red Cross. The wounded are at least among friends, but the prisoners are, of all the victims of war, the most to be pitied. The Atlantic Division of the Red Cross has recently obtained two large storage warehouses, at Copenhagen and at Renens in Switzerland, where enough food, clothing, tobacco, and other comforts will be stored to maintain ten thousand American soldiers in prison camps in Germany, if so many as that should need to be provided for. These supplies will be distributed weekly through neutrals.

A Vogue artist, Porter Woodruff, designed this Red Cross cover for a recent issue of Vogue. Not every one can be a Red Cross nurse, but every one can become a member of the Red Cross for $1. A tableau of this poster was recently posed for the benefit of the Red Cross; see page 60

Now is the Time to Renew Your Membership

"In this sign shalt thou conquer" is as true for us as it was for Constantine, for in the sign of the Red Cross we are fighting the pain, disease, and suffering of the world. Of course, you're a member already, but now is the time to renew your membership so that at the Christmas Roll Call your dollar can answer for you, "Adsum."

This is the message which Mr. Henry P. Davison, the head of the American Red Cross, has sent out:

"From December sixteenth to twenty-third the list will be opened for every American in every corner of the world, so that it may be known that the whole nation at home and abroad is registered for the cause. The Red Cross wants again to give the world notice not only that America can fight, but that to the last man, woman, and child we stand four-square for mercy, honour, and good faith among the nations.

The Christmas Roll Call

"There will be no allotment of quotas any communities. The quota for every distr. will be the limit of its adult population. When the roll call comes every American, old or young, will be called on to register and add the weight of his name to the Red Cross message.

"Let us answer with one voice to the words of President Wilson when he said, 'I summon you to the comradeship.'"

VOL. 52 NO. 6 WHOLE NO. 1105

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for

Early November, 1918

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Ira L. Hill

MRS. I. TOWNSEND BURDEN

Mrs. I. Townsend Burden was, before her marriage, Miss Florence Sheedy. Mr. and Mrs. Burden, with their children, spend much of their time at their home at Roslyn, Long Island

JENNY

This slim demure black satin under-dress, that is the foundation of "Cheveux de la Reine," just emphasizes the newness and smartness of the brown tulle that cascades over it and foams into fluffy sleeves and a billowy ruffled skirt. Pink ribbons and skunk fur are quaintly congenial companions around the waist, and little diamond buttons are the sparkling means of fastening the tulle skirt to the satin one

JENNY

"The more embroidery, the better," said Paris, and "Ninette"—this yellow cotton jersey frock—obediently trailed a pattern of yellow angora as solidly as possible over its simple slender length. Then it listened for more fashion news, and when it heard the very smartest bits, it added a skunk-trimmed cape and a muff that might almost pose as another cape

PARIS KEEPS ITS PROMISE

The Openings of the "Grandes Maisons" Show a Triumphant Collection of Models With the Familiar Slim Silhouette Varied By Many New and Interesting Details

AN American in Paris asked me the other day why he saw no ruined buildings, no traces of the damage done by air raids and the long-range gun.

"Ah, monsieur," I answered, "all that is quite characteristic of the French spirit. At the first possible moment we make good what the enemy has destroyed, and forget as rapidly as we can that three months ago the Germans were as near Paris as Stamford to New York."

The openings of all the great dressmaking houses show this spirit. Some of these I have already told you about, and some of the houses represented by models in this issue had their openings fully described in the October 1 issue of Vogue. Premet, for instance, adds for this issue, five more models to the three which were shown with the last letter.

A number of the Paris houses opened late purposely. You will remember that we have a French poem which begins, "An autumn rose is more exquisite than any other."

CHÉRUIT

This is a sentiment which applies to Chéruit's openings, for they are always characterized by an imaginative and original beauty, which makes one feel well repaid for waiting. As Chéruit always opens late, there is always keen curiosity about her models. Those who seek originality combined with extreme elegance will seldom be disappointed at Chéruit's. In the models of this designer there is the mysterious and intangible charm which is part of beauty, whether we find it in the landscape, in works of art, or in women—an enveloping, penetrating, indescribable charm. It was Chéruit who invented the "surprise-dress," and this year she has added to this dress a third piece which may be a gilet or blouse, as one prefers. This piece is taken off with the coming of evening, revealing a dress which has not only a light corsage, but one that is really décolleté. When worn at a restaurant, these dresses give the impression of being full evening dress. Isn't this the last word in ingenuity? This is one of the many innovations originated by Chéruit, who has made little change in the silhouette of her gowns. Nevertheless, we must note the use of the train in various models which are designed to wear when one is receiving at home. These gowns very much resemble the one worn by Desdemona and made familiar on the stage. In gold tissue, metal cloth, brocade, or in any one of the new rich materials, a dress of this type would be very beautiful. It must, of course, be simply made, and the train should be neither round nor square, but cut in two points like the oriflamme of France and held in loosely at the waist by a string of coloured beads.

A tulle dress, short in front and embroidered with ostrich feather flowers, has a train made of layers of tulle. The model illustrates two novelties which deserve notice, for while we have often seen ostrich feathers used as trimming, put on in pompons of edging ruffles, this use of feather trimming is absolutely new. The uncurled ostrich makes the petals of flowers, while

JENNY

When one hears the cold facts—that chemise dresses will be worn, with draperies and panels and fur trimming—it doesn't sound very startling. But when the statement is borne out by such a frock as "Révélation," with a white chiffon over-dress trimmed with seal over a black satin under-dress banded with ermine and a glittering diamond button at the neck and belt and hem, it's a very different matter

CHÉRUIT

One expects surprises from this designer, but in this coat, made for Miss Elsie de Wolfe, she has surprised us more than ever by not being surprising at all. Serviceability and elegance are stitched into its beige cloth length, buttoned into its snug beaver collar, and tucked under its braid-trimmed cape. In fact, it's just such a coat as one likes to think of as a winter companion for Miss de Wolfe

PAQUIN

"Mélisande" states in terms of black velvet that the Paquin silhouette is much as it has been (although, perhaps, a trifle narrower), but that this silhouette is just a background for such delightfully new details as the flame coloured piping that trims it and the flame coloured tulle collar—almost as big as Pierrot's own becoming ruff

the stamens and leaves are made of gold embroidery, all embroidered on tulle. Two dresses of this kind seemed to me especially charming. One was in black with flowers made of beige feathers; the other, green, with grey flowers, was made for the beautiful Duchesse de Grammont. The combination of refinement and almost barbaric beauty gave these dresses a real and extraordinary elegance.

Chéruit's embroideries are, as usual, the most exclusive imaginable. The embroideries one sees on her dresses are marvellous. Examples of this are a sort of black braid put on in irregular separate motifs and the embroidery on a silk blouse called "Capucine." Another original sort of trimming is made of groups of fringes of different colours on evening dresses in satin or soft crêpe. One dress of this sort is in green with motifs of fringe about ten inches long in brown and a darker green. Sometimes three colours are used together instead of two. A happy fashion is the use of a very light fringe of rather long uncurled ostrich as a trimming for collars. Another amusing way of obtaining this feather fringe effect is by using monkey fur on a pony skin coat which is one of the triumphs of the house of Chéruit. This pony skin is worked until it is so soft that I have mistaken it for broadtail when it was worn by certain manikins.

The new coats are very beautiful and very full. None of them are fitted at the waist. One made of a Japanese fur (a sort of black bear with rather short hair), and trimmed with civet is the most comfortable I have seen this season. Another innovation is the irregular way in which capes and evening coats are lined. For instance, a coat of velours will be lined through the front, as if the voluminous collar continued on the inside, or the fur will be arranged in pieces about a yard square on the inside of the cape at the bottom. It would be an endless task to try to tell you of all Chéruit's ideas—I shall speak of them again, not once, but many times.

(*Continued on page 90*)

PAQUIN

The quaint little puffs at the hips and a bow at the back—as big as the sash you longed for when you were very, very young—are the surprises that Paquin reserved for "Fleurs d'Or," a dinner dress of black satin embroidered in gold flowers. Being an artist, she knew that to trim such lovely material would be to paint the lily

PREMET DOES THREE SEDUCTIVE THINGS *with* SILK JERSEY

Short but sweet are the frocks of Premet, thanks to the sprightliness of Mme. Renée, the première of the house. "Troubadour" sets out to prove that brown silk jersey is as good as ever by making bands and skirt hem of it on a frock that is brown chiffon where it isn't that charming new wool Rodier embroidery that is all the fur many frocks will have this winter. Little wool buttons play hide-and-seek down the front of the tunic, and the girdle and cat-o-nine tails tassel are also of wool

"Zigzag" is the name of an afternoon dress of black silk jersey interwoven with unexpected lines of silver. The vest and cuff trimming are of white organdie bordered ingeniously with tiny black silk buttons, and the black fringe that forms an apronette is one of the characteristic touches of Premet for this season

"Courtisane" shows silk jersey again —Paris loves nothing better—and this time in brown, with tiny coloured beads in red, brown, and crystal. The skirt is as short and the neck-line as low as Premet loves to make them, and the sleeve shows that wide-at-the-bottom line that is a favourite with this designer

PREMET FINDS NEW SUBSTITUTES FOR FUR

The lady's fingers ought to be pointed up, not down, for the most unusual thing about her cape, "Aléa," is the collar of marine blue silk fringe that so cleverly substitutes for fur. The outside of the coat is of jersey in marine blue with a front of currant coloured jersey, and a silhouette that is as barrel-like as a cape can be

"Vogue," a typical Premet frock, is short, tight, low-necked, and slightly barrel-shaped. The narrow black braid is put on with a touch of novelty, the black buttons occur where one wouldn't expect buttons to be, and as for that fur-like band at the bottom, it's more black braid, applied in vertical bands with the rough edge out

LEWIS

Lewis is responsible for this military trifle of black panne velvet that wears a jaunty brim on top of its double-decked crown. The fat black pompon is of plush with a design in gold

HIGH COLLARS AND SHORT SKIRTS BY DŒUILLET

Dœuillet loves high collars and short skirts, the higher and shorter the better. In "Cigale" he takes supple black crêpe de Chine, gives it a hint of drapery at the side, and a corsage like a little bolero that flares up to the wearer's ears. Then he designs a wonderful waistcoat, all rose satin and white angora with a bit of gold thread embroidery

"Little dress" is a name given in Paris to something very simple, very chic, not quite tailored, but still with a suggestion of trimness about it. Here is a "little dress" of beige wool jersey embroidered in blue green wool with tortoise-shell buttons at strategic points, and an underskirt as narrow as it is tight

"Picador" is a slim model in grey wool jersey that tried a collar of brick colour woolen material, and found it so good it added cuffs, sleeve slashes, and slashes at the waist, all in brick colour. The deep panel that finishes the skirt is of grey woollen lace, so good-looking that it is proving a great success

DOEUILLET FAVOURS RICH MATERIALS

An afternoon dress of black silk crêpe chooses a high collar of beaver and a belt of gold cording. Then, just to show its right to be called "Surprise," it adds oddly placed aprons at front and back, with the sheen of gold and black chiffon over its tight little crêpe de Chine skirt. When one walks the line is enchanting

"Florentin" is a rich and wonderful and comfortable coat of black velvet and nutria, with Dœuillet's own high collar and a short, full, flaring skirt of gold lamé that serenely transgresses all laws of the present silhouette, and, as a reward, gets itself embroidered with dozens and dozens of enormous black doughnuts made of velvet

LEWIS

An absurd—but altogether becoming—little blue felt hat from Lewis shows vertical slashes of white silk embroidery on its upturned blue brim—and a tassel like a white silk waterfall to add attractiveness to one's right ear

On the day of Dœuillet's opening Bertha was dropping shells in every corner of Paris, but when we arrived at the magnificent salon in the Place Vendôme, armchairs, each bearing the name of the person who was to occupy it, awaited the arrival of the buyers. It was after half past two, and no one had yet arrived. There were very few people in the streets, now that the cannon had begun to roar again; we began to wonder if we were going to be the only visitors. But, one by one, well-known faces appeared, and when the models, so distinguished and so thoroughly Parisian, made their entrance, one felt moved in spite of oneself. Calm and smiling, the manikins passed and repassed; there was no shadow of trouble on their young faces; their measured gait, so peculiar to them, was as fascinating as ever, a little exaggerated, but invariably admired, because it brings before us, in tangible form, what we should all like to be. For three months every one has been working with the sound of the cannon in their ears, or they have been wakened at night by the air raids. The nervous strain has been tremendous, but it doesn't prevent the dressmakers from cutting, making, and embroidering these beautiful models. It would be very difficult to choose a favourite from among all the tailored costumes, which really are not tailored in the strict sense of the word, so much have their details transformed them. "Little dresses" is the name one large class goes by, and these are meant to be worn under fur wraps. The evening dresses are very beautiful, and, although they have many novelties, they still preserve their aristocratic charm. Dœuillet likes to show high collars with sleeves which hardly cover the top of the arm; the skirts of his dresses are a little shorter than those of most of the other houses; a few draped aprons are used on certain afternoon dresses, and his evening dresses are frankly short, with a length of the material simulating a long train.

LANVIN, THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OF THE "JEUNE FILLE"

The French "jeune fille" doesn't have much freedom—but who cares for freedom if she can have a dress of dark blue rough velours, with bands of velveteen in electric blue, black, white, and yellow? This dress, which calls itself "Pouliguen," fastens in the back with a wide band from the collar to the hem of the skirt, and a nonchalant French use of one button at the neck and two half way down the skirt

Even the great General Mangin would let his eyes stray from the war map—just for a second—to look at this costume, named for him, and designed for a young girl. Within its straight and simple lines Lanvin's charming fancy has made use of embroidery in white floss to imitate astrakhan. The collar is made of this very new embroidery. Lanvin cuts it low in the back (her newest whim), and fastens it there

A skirt that hangs in uneven lengths and an enormous sash of brown and tan ribbon which touches the floor—these distinctions Lanvin has conferred on "Five o'clock," a dinner dress of mahogany coloured velvet

"AFTER having my dresses decolleté, as far as possible, now I have to have them cut down, in the back, farther than possible," says my pretty friend, Madeleine. "I am quite willing, first because I have a pretty back, and second, because it's Jeanne Lanvin who suggested the idea. She has been the means too often of my looking pretty for me not to put my entire confidence in her."

The audacious and charming Madame Lanvin has made dresses with corsages which are daringly low; and skirts which fasten at the sides in back, and are high-waisted in front. This is a noticeable point, even in evening dresses of tulle and soft silk. All her skirts are reasonably long, and do not show the leg too much; the sleeves are usually long; her tailleurs of heavy material with little or no trimming have a severe charm. This is the sort of tailleur which we all need for our strenuous and active lives.

Velvet with wide vertical stripes of silk is an interesting novelty, and so, too, is a crosswise arrangement of braid from Rodier, in shades to match the blue or brown dress on which it is used. This trimming is always put on crosswise, a line adopted by Jeanne Lanvin and only used for the fronts of dresses. For example, a black crêpe de Chine dress will be beaded in jet diagonals — the beaded part forming only an apron or a band at the bottom of the skirt; the back will be another floating panel, usually black. Chinese embroidery in satin stitch is used on many evening dresses of soft silk.

Fur is used in combination with other materials for coats; for instance, on a coat of velours de laine the front, as far as the waist, will be made of beaver, otter, or broadtail, and the rest of the coat will be of the material, with just the huge collar and cuffs of fur. This makes the coat much lighter and easier to walk in.

Jeanne Lanvin always excels in making dresses for young girls, but in this opening she has surpassed herself and shows a collection of airy creations for children with peachy cheeks, whose light feet seem barely to touch the earth—fiancées of to-morrow, who will be carried off as soon as they appear in these clothes.

There is a profound psychology underlying all these fragile muslins, those lovely transparencies, treated in one way for this child, and in another way for that. Any sweet ingénue who wishes to be more beautiful than all the rest should listen to Madame Lanvin, and leave all decisions to her consummate knowledge of young girls and how to make them more alluring.

THE SUPREME LINES OF WORTH

The Parisienne who wears this wrap, draped with black velvet and smothered in an enormous sable collar, may shrug her shoulders under its soft warmth at any suggestion that there could be a more luxurious coat than this, called "Gloria"

"Baccarat" has staked a few winnings in gold embroidered lozenges on its brown satin waistcoat blouse. The coat and skirt are of brown duvetyn, and the skirt is entirely covered with brown chenille fringe—for Paris has returned to the chenille of its grandmothers. Over this slim fringed figure lavishly full coat skirts fill in a rather wide silhouette

You know that beautiful blue green rust that comes on copper—well, that is the colour of this velvet wrap of pronounced barrel outline, called "Junon," behind the lynx collar of which a lovely lady is considering the wisdom of sheltering her nose

As brown as the fish-nets on Spanish sands of the Santander from which it takes its name is this dress of brown buracotta, with a brown velvet panel embroidered in the so-popular beige angora

This dress of blue satin, named "Junon," banded with a milky way of white angora embroidery is also made in white satin embroidered in white wool, for wool embroidery stops at nothing this season

ARE SHOWN TO PERFECTION IN THESE MODELS

A draped skirt of brick red duvetyn is married to, as the French would say, a bodice of black satin embroidered in brick colour, which follows the straight, graceful, uncorseted lines which Paris likes so much. The sleeves are short, not even coming to the elbow, as is the case in so many of the winter models. This costume is called "Pivoine" (Peony)

The wrap to wear with that lovely "peony" dress at the left is of red duvetyn, too, and is trimmed with a wide band of red embroidery on black satin, like the embroidery on the blouse. Black fox fur, wound about the neck, and trimming the wide sleeves, is a last note of defiance from the Parisienne to any cold winds that may come her way.

LEWIS

Brown velours with gold embroidery filling in the angle of its black plush trimming, is what makes this hat, but its design is evidently a tribute to the military of other days

MARTIAL ET ARMAND TRIUMPH *with* SERGE *and* SATIN

Now that "Labour" looks like this, it will never have any more trouble with Capital. The underslip is of black satin, the foundation and the three pleated frills show us what can be done with our old friend blue serge, and the pockets are edged with rose embroidery

Just why this intriguing bit of grey satin should be tagged, "Yank's," we aren't told, but we're sure "Yank" will be immensely flattered when he finds out about it. The trimming is of grey satin bias bands and grey rabbit, the coat being as long and tight and the skirt as plain and short as this designer delights to make them for Paris this winter

"Brimborion" begins most conventionally with blue serge, but it speedily acquires green silk embroidery, then grey on top of that, and finally dark blue. The vest is of black satin; the piping and buttons of black. The back is very lovely with each side buttoned from the drapery of the skirt right up to the shoulder and down the front to the embroidery

MARTIAL *et* ARMAND—SHORT SKIRTS *and* LONG COATS

Even if skirts are going to be short in Paris, this marine blue tricotine suit from Martial et Armand comes out in favour of long coats. Black silk braid makes checkerboards on coat and skirt and there is a judicious use of blue fox. The narrow cape next door uses black satin and brown fox to make a new effect like a double muff, adjustable from the collar

LEWIS

Lewis takes a Breton shape like a big bowl of black plush and gives it a cocarde of sharply blue and black ribbon. It is worn so low over the eyes, and one's sable neckpiece comes so far toward one's ears, that one must make the most of one's opportunity to be charming

"Fabrice" is the name of an afternoon dress that stakes all its hopes on the new Rodier knitted material in black silk woven with silver. For such a rich background the designer decrees an embroidery of white angora—that so-popular Paris trimming — assisted by jet, with which it certainly never was associated until this year. The unusual high collar is of white net

TWO TYPICAL MODELS FROM BEER

The Comtesse d'Hautpoul recently presented to the American Embassy in Paris a precious international souvenir in the shape of the original seal which executed the Declaration of Independence. This seal, composed of an onyx with an eagle engraved on it, was left by Washington to his adopted daughter who, in turn, gave it to a member of the Comtesse's family. On the occasion of its return, the Comtesse wore a frock of black silk jersey trimmed with black silk lace and black tulle. Her large black hat was of straw and velvet

"Independence" isn't only a charming frock of Nattier blue silk jersey and grey jersey embroidered in blue wool, but, with its comparatively full skirt and its collar and cuff line so different from anything else that one sees, it is indeed a declaration that Beer will do just as he beautifully pleases when he's left alone with such materials

"Scintillance" gives black tulle an excuse to break out into millions of glittering black paillettes and so make up in sparkle what it lacks in the conventional lines and length that usually mark a Beer evening gown

CALLOT DESIGNS GOWNS FOR THE STAGE

Charlotte Fairchild

Callot made this striking gown for Florence Walton, the première danseuse at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, to wear at the opening of the new supper room. Flesh coloured satin makes the bodice and the foundation for a skirt of silver lace. Strings and strings of pearls play at being a dazzling overdress that twinkles to the dancer's every movement

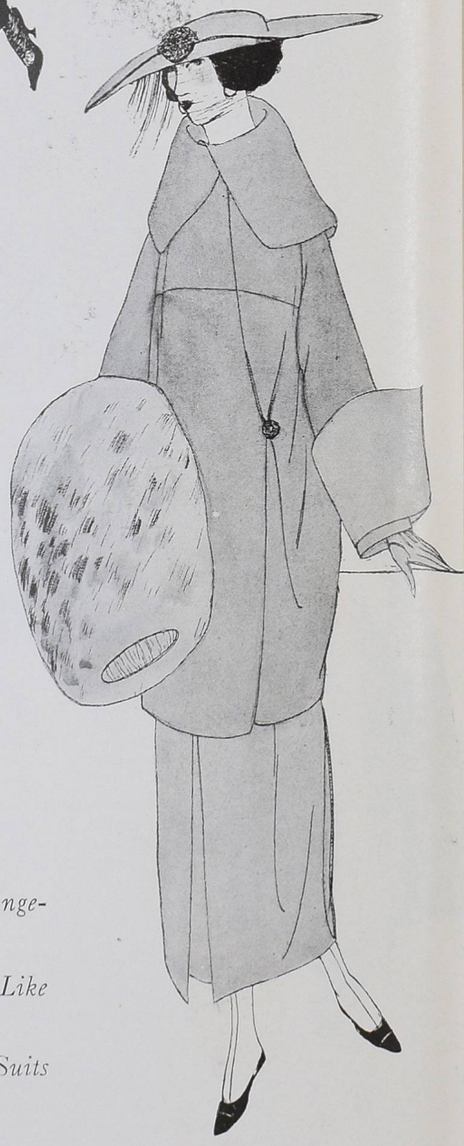
Mlle. Cécile Sorel of the Théâtre Français wears this black satin cape trimmed with beaver over a dress of rose chiffon tightly bordered at the bottom with a deep band of grey squirrel. One can see at a glance that, while Paris agrees to disagree with us as to the length of skirts, there's no difference of opinion about the continued papularity of the right kind of cape

Henri Lavedan's "Marquis de Priola" at the Théâtre Français is fortunate in having Mlle. Sorel and a Callot gown in the vein of delicate coquetry affected by this actress. It is of rose taffeta and gold metal cloth, with lovely drapery and two big wings of white lace embroidered in gold that hang from the shoulders to the train, where they lie in a garland of roses

MODELS IMPORTED BY MOLLIE O'HARA

The woman who loves black velvet won't have to choose between the charms of a dress and a suit, for Chéruit has made them one, with a coat built on smock lines with a yoke from which swing two narrow panels shirred across the top. The long-waisted blouse—with ideas of its own at every turn—is of navy blue and gold brocade with front, turned-back cuffs, and ingeniously twisted girdle of black crêpe de Chine. For that effective relief without which cleverness is a mere tour de force, the skirt is straight and simple, with two box pleats in front and loose panels at either side

The coat-dress is possibly the newest contribution from Paris. One wears it on the street where it has the warmth, but not the bulkiness, of a coat. A coat-dress of blue duvetyn, beige fur, and black silk braid run with smoked pearl buttons shows Chéruit's favourite high collar and fur undersleeves



To be absolutely untrimmed and absolutely new—that is indeed a triumph. This suit in a brick coloured cheviot mixture has Chéruit's signature visible in the cut of the yoke, the swing of the cape-like collar, the height and flare and general audacity of the huge cuffs which flare to the elbow

This Season Chéruit Is, Above All, Ingenious; She Makes Coats That Look Like Dresses and Dresses That Are Suits

An evening gown of steel cloth made of fine steel paillettes, is called "Aeroplane." One must have daring to wear it, since the black satin underslip is matched by a black velvet bow at the back, lined with bright red charmeuse. It isn't an ordinary sash. It ties low down to give a somewhat bustle effect, and falls still lower into a pseudo-train; then it goes up, and fastens itself to the hair, giving the effect of a Medici collar

COATS THAT ARE DRESSES AND DRESSES THAT ARE COATS, FROM BOUÉ SOEURS

This involved costume starts the afternoon as a black satin slip with long black satin sleeves. One wears it around the house as Paris does. Later, one wishes to go out. One adds a brick colour chiffon tunic made with a deep V in front and finished with a band of brick colour duvetyn. The chiffon is run with Chinese embroidery to match, and one is now dressed for tea. But for the street there is an Eton jacket of duvetyn with the oddest of closing lines and fur collar and cuffs

The minaret effect shown in this morning dress of navy blue gabardine is a favourite line with Boué Sœurs. There are narrow bands of Hudson seal at the neck and on the bottom of the short full tunic, and the embroidery is in royal purple silk. The sides of the coat-like bodice are buttoned across in double-breasted fashion, and under them one glimpses an underbodice of royal purple satin. Three different shades of purple are used in the girdle of crushed satin ribbons that tie into a large bow

MODELS FROM PEGGY HOYT

POSED BY MARILYNN MILLER

(Below) In this three-piece fur set, a hand-made satin flower, finished with the fur, is placed at one side of the hat, and between bands of the fur in the hat and scarf strips of bright purple, cerise, and yellow satin make an effect gay enough for gay little Marilynn Miller herself. The muff is a large flat pillow, made of three strips of skunk and two strips of the coloured satin to match the scarf

(Below) Turbans of all nationalities are seen on our metropolitan streets this winter. This one is a Syrian turban of sand coloured velvet, embroidered in bright and dull silk and cotton threads, and its oriental influence extends to the wrap worn with it, which is really a circular cape made of layers of brown chiffon embroidered to give a dull Paisley effect, and deeply bordered with natural wolf

Baron de Meyer

(Above) A cockade of ostrich flues in taupe and sapphire blue perches nonchalantly on this small Marguerite and Léonie turban of taupe satin antique and squirrel dyed kolinsky. The fur brim of the turban which gives a wide effect is extremely becoming to the face, especially when that face, as in this photograph, belongs to pretty Marilynn Miller, now of the Follies, as every one knows. Last spring this charming young person made a great hit in the leading singing and dancing rôle of "Fancy Free"

Uneasy Lies the Head That Does Not Wear a Chic Turban This Season

Lanvin takes a thin shiny material that looks like a patrician sort of oil-cloth, and, with the addition of a band of skunk fur to its gold and grey, makes the newest of French turbans with a veil in fine brown mesh to fling its scrolled border across one's shoulders in the most casual of drapings

Baron de Meyer

This lovely Mad Hatter arrays herself in sapphire blue velvet with a short brim that rolls up at either side just the slightest bit. Then she dons her beige veil—and her little fur neckpiece? But no, madame. That is a part of the veil, that tight little, snug little band of sapphire blue ostrich feathers. It is the only trimming. But figure to yourself the chic; from Mary's Hat Shop

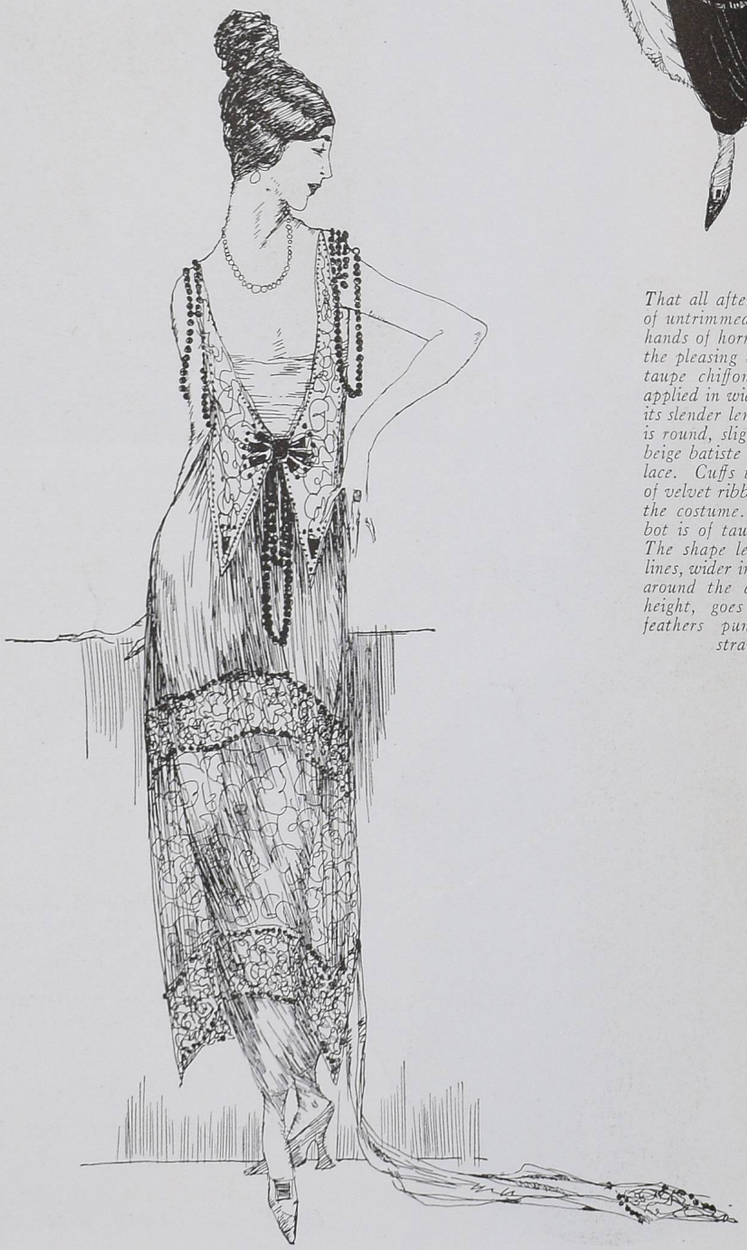
Then, lest all Paris fly away into turbans and sailor hats, Reboux makes this charming thing of black velvet with a brim that turns up a bit across the front. It has nothing on it but a lovely fan-shaped bow of satin ribbon, but this gives a most becoming irregularity of line

Turbans Are Good, but So Are Sailors; and Big Hats Of Black Velvet Are as Lovely as Ever They Were

The Woman Whom Bendel Gowns Morning, Noon, and Night, Is Mathematically Certain of a Perfect Day from The Time She Steps Out in a Suprise-ful Little Suit of Duvetyn to the Time She Returns From the Opera in a Sophisticated Maze of Cloth of Gold

Here is a suit that does everything unexpectedly. The sand coloured duvetyn coat is so short that one wouldn't suspect it of kimono sleeves belled at the bottom, so loose that one couldn't prophesy the duvetyn waistcoat, so untrimmed in front that one wouldn't dream of the way it turns into a long-waisted blouse in the back, braided across with a band of finely pleated faille in sand colour to match the bit on the sleeve. The skirt, of course, is cut with a tunic, and sable is the ordained fur for a sand coloured background, but the prune velvet hat designed by Marie Louise carried out the unexpectedness by being neither stiff nor staid, as one would think from its outline, but of a softness most becoming, tied with a pert prune coloured bow

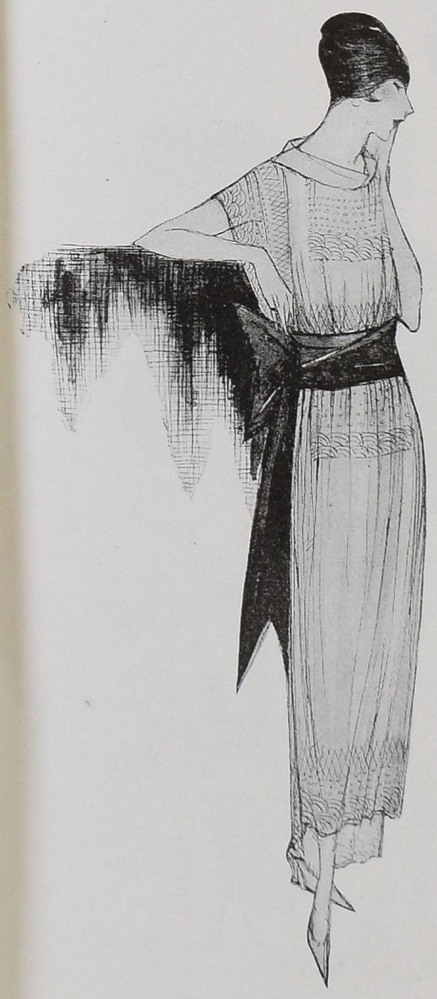
That all afternoon dresses, in this season of untrimmed neck-lines, don't raise holy hands of horror at the notion of collars is the pleasing announcement of this bit of taupe chiffon with taupe chiffon velvet applied in wide horizontal bands all down its slender length. The collar of its choice is round, slightly scalloped, and made of beige batiste finished with inch-wide Irish lace. Cuffs to match and a simple sash of velvet ribbon tied at one side complete the costume. The hat by Suzanne Talbot is of taupe velvet stitched in taupe. The shape leans decidedly to mushroom lines, wider in front than at the back, and around the crown, which is of medium height, goes a band of curled ostrich feathers punctuated with exclamatory strands of burnt goose



If one has the dramatic temperament, one longs occasionally to spend a black and gold evening in company with a dress that drips jet over one's slim sophisticated shoulders and down one's graceful back. The foundation of this dress is gold cloth with a gold bodice in waistcoat effect embroidered in black silk and jet with a heavy jet ornament in front. The skirt shows a long tunic of black silk net run with gold and black thread, and there are bands of gold lace edged with jet beads. The short panel train is of the gold cloth with black embroidery

(Below) Typical of the evening gowns which make their appearance in the restaurants of Paris is this simple arrangement of fog coloured chiffon with its sash of violet blue moire ribbon which winds about the waist and ties in a big bow at the side. The crystal beads and silver threads that carry out the fine design of the embroidery are quite characteristic of Lanvin, as is the wide shallow neck-line, which in this case, however, drops low in the back. The uneven bottom of the skirt is another means of identifying the work of this couturière

(Below) Smoke grey chiffon was the material chosen for this evening gown which Lanvin trimmed with rows and rows of her favourite narrow metal ribbons in steel colour. The neck, the sleeve openings, and the square train are also outlined with the steel ribbon, and mousseline de soie fills in the V-shaped décolletage and makes a soft fold around the neck. A sash of chiffon—tying at the side in true Lanvin fashion — is finished with a large ornament in which the crystal beads and the silver thread have a final opportunity for achieving self-expression



There seem to be more black evening gowns than ever before in the history of the world—which is to say Paris—and Lanvin makes one of the most charming of them with deep round neck-line filled in with folds of silver gauze which also faces the sleeve openings and the wide sash of black velvet, one of Lanvin's favourite conceits this season. As to the uneven bottom of the skirt, that is quite Lanvin too. The short square train at the back and the short skirt in front make a frame which only the best regulated ankles need attempt

GOWNS IMPORTED BY WILLIAM HARDY

The Short Skirt with the Long Train, The Sash Tied on One Hip, the Use of Beads in Odd Embroideries and of Narrow Ribbons to Flutter Here and There, Mark These Frocks as Typical Lanvin Models

"First Hats" May Be Tricornes or Turbans or Sailors, and Trimmed or Untrimmed at Will, But, Since French Fingers Made Them, They All Agree on Originality in Their Chic Lines

MODELS IMPORTED BY LOUISE

No, it isn't uncurled ostrich that cascades over the side of the Lewis hat in black satin antique at the top of the page; it's a festive skein of copper coloured embroidery silk that also outlines the two parts of the hat that turn back from the front. The tricorne is a revival—but the trimming is an absolutely new invention. The little Reboux hat at the right is a Persian turban, a little more of a turban, and much more wearable, than Persian turbans were the last time we saw them. This one is in taupe velvet with a puff of unclipped ostrich in taupe hanging over one side

MODELS IMPORTED BY LITTWITZ

Hats with uneven brims occur very frequently this season; in fact, they are much more chic than hats that move in regular circles; but it isn't often that the unevenness cuts right in to the crown on the narrow side as happens in the case of a black velvet sailor from Maria Guy that shows a draped bow, high, narrow, and made of a straight swathe of the velvet. The lower hat is a Lewis turban in prune coloured velvet entirely made of shirrs and drapes. Across the top, a fan-shaped piece of the velvet is shirred to the crown with ends that make a little flat tailored bow in front. There isn't a speck of trimming on it—but that's the chic of the thing

HAT FROM BENDEL

It isn't ostrich, but something even smarter — it's monkey fur, black, shiny, and very striking as it falls waterfall-wise over the crown and brim of a black velvet shape

VOGUE POINTS

Paris Uses Monkey Fur in Place of Ostrich and Plush Instead of Broadtail; The Waistcoat Blouse Is Good, and the Chemise Dress Is Increasingly Popular

THE undying resourcefulness of the French couturiers is more remarkable every season. With less and less to work with and a very limited source of supply to call upon, the most wonderful effects are achieved. For instance, who but the French would use monkey fur as a trimming for a hat? Yet this is done very charmingly, as one can see from the hat sketched at the top of this page. It is a black velvet shape with a soft "plume" of monkey fur artistically placed over the crown and falling softly over the brim. Monkey and other furs, including rabbit, cat, and dog, are dyed and made beautiful, after which they are numbered among those much talked of nameless furs, pretty, unusual, and by no means inexpensive.

THERE are many ways in which the effect of fur is obtained without fur. Patches of black velvet or plush are used as appliqué on a coat of black broadcloth, or, if this is not lovely enough, patches of broadtail are used. So beautifully is this done that one is not aware that the material is not all fur. White and grey ravelled floss is employed to represent astrachan, while small pieces of black silk braid, ravelled, are used in rows placed up and down to form a wide border resembling fur. On an evening gown, clipped fringe in gold and silver may form a wide band at the bottom; this has been named "metal hay."

ALMOST every gown one sees is lavishly trimmed with embroidery in the most unexpected combinations. For example, angora is used with black jet bugles. A revival in beading is quite noticeable. Indian beads in white chalk are very effective on black or on the many shades of grey and tan chiffon used in the chemise blouses. The new embroideries are wonderful, and here the greatest resourcefulness is exemplified. The patterns of the stained glass windows of the historic and much beloved Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, have in part been reproduced in embroidery on a blouse. The soft warm colours are exact, and they are carried out in wool, silk, gold, and steel beads. Gold beads and steel and jet beads are very new and form small designs, as they did in gowns of 1893 and 1894. They are used as they were then for aprons, edgings at the sides of skirts, and for whole bodices.

ANOTHER revival is that of the silk ravellings, fringes, and tassels that are much seen on many gowns this season. This mode has been abandoned for more than twenty years, and it is amusing to see it at the same time with the revival of plush which belongs to the same period.

CROCHETED lace in wool, in black, white, and in colours is used to trim the one-piece dress of serge or velvet. A deep band of this wool lace in grey makes an attractive border on a tunic of black satin.

THE waistcoat blouse—a blouse with front sections that resemble a waistcoat—is the most favoured fashion of the season. Hardly a coat and certainly not a suit is shown without a waistcoat or a waistcoat blouse. They are shown in fur, wool material embroidered, satin, brocade, and chiffon, and are a very lovely and practical fashion.

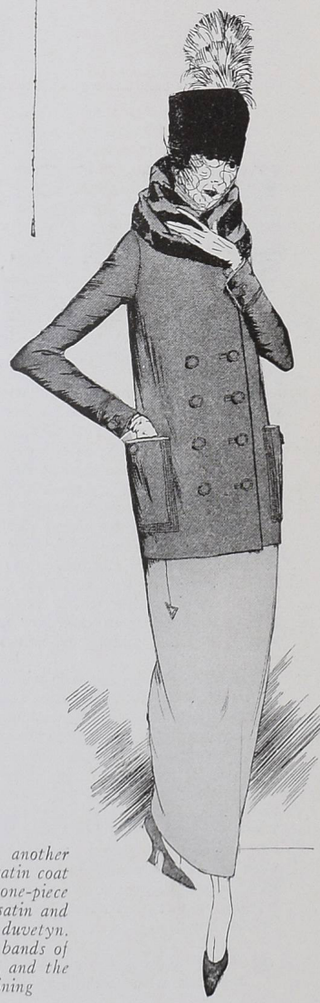
IT is indeed surprising to note how persistently the chemise or the tunic blouse stays with us. Each season we look for something really new — and the chemise remains. Particularly pleasing is this style of blouse in chiffon in such dull colours as grey, beige, dull blue, or dull corn colour, elaborately embroidered in silk or metal threads, in beads, or even in all three. These blouses are worn over a simple slip of black satin.

A PLUSH "fur set" consisting of a wide stole and muff lined with pale sand colour chiffon velvet, is wonderfully smart and surprisingly warm. When fur prices are beyond our reach, it will be pleasant to resort to plush as a substitute that is both comfortable and becoming.

The Three-Piece Suit Lends to Economy Its Smartest Defense; The Coat May Be Worn with Its One-Piece Dress, or Separately With One's Other Frocks, and in Either Case One May Have the Satisfaction of Being Beautifully Turned Out by Joseph

The three-piece suit of prune coloured broadcloth and Hudson seal resolves itself at need into a one-piece frock and a separate seal coat, slightly circular, shawl-collared, buttoned at one side, and belted with both seal and broadcloth. Smartness can go no further—nor can wartime economy

If an evening gown nowadays is a chemise, elaborately embroidered, it knows it belongs with the smartest gowns of the season. The underslip is of black satin, slit at either side and filled in with narrow panels of gold, while the overdress is of black net trimmed with delicate embroidery in gold and jet beads



The combination costume has another talented exponent in this black satin coat that has joined forces with a one-piece dress having a bodice of black satin and a plain narrow skirt of brick red duvetyn. The collar is made of alternate bands of black caracul and red duvetyn, and the coat has a red duvetyn lining

NEW YORK PREPARES FOR A BUSY WINTER

Fashion Favours New Veils, the Collarless Frock with a String of Pearls, Evening Gowns with Sleeves, and Black for Many Occasions and at All Hours

This smart veil, worn with a black hat, was plain in front but showed a palm leaf design at each side

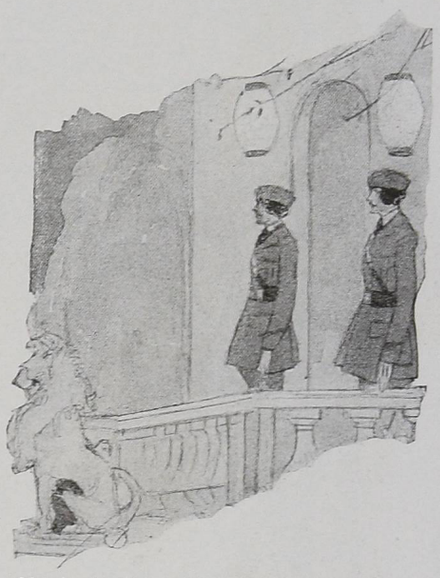
AUTUMN has once more awakened the city into its accustomed activity. After a busier summer than New York ordinarily witnesses, the town is making every preparation for a season less active in some respects, but far more active in others, than any New York season for several years past. The promise of many military visitors foretells a certain amount of social life, but the fact that the country is at last really awakened to the consciousness that it is at war makes it certain that such social life as does exist will be unusually restrained.

The Government restrictions in regard to the use of gasolene on Sunday has had its effect in bringing home the actuality of the conflict. It is characteristic of the attitude of this country that the Governmental recommendation in regard to the use of pleasure cars on this holiday should receive instant recognition. Roads which heretofore were one solid line of cars on Sunday evening are now deserted save for an occasional ancient Dobbin hastily conscripted from his life of ease and made to do his bit in effecting any necessary transportation. It seems extremely likely that this ostracizing of the automobile on the one day when the country in general is accustomed to take its pleasure in the country, may bring about a revival of interest in horses and carriages. Indeed, this new interest is already forecast in one of the large automobile shops located on a street in the lower forties which, curtailing its display of automobiles to the minimum, has given much of its window and floor space to the showing of smart carriages of various kinds, including basket phaetons and gay little surreys. And the bicycle—some one has remarked that it is astonishing that Mr. Garfield has not already bethought himself of this means of locomotion which neither eats nor consumes gas, but it he does not suggest it soon, somebody else will. There are still a number of old families in New York which have retained some of their horses and carriages. Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, for instance, may frequently be seen on a sunny afternoon driving through the park behind a pair of handsome bays.

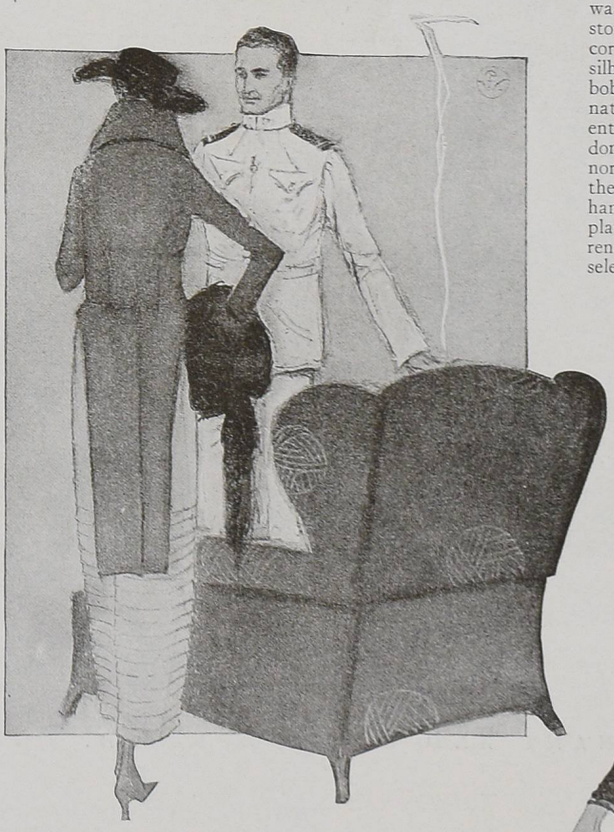
A VENETIAN FÊTE

As usual in the autumn, a number of open air benefits have been held in the vicinity of New York. One which was most beautifully staged was the Venetian Fête given by Grace George, at Davenport Neck, New Rochelle, the home which she occupied for the summer. The fête, "A Midsummer Moon Serenata," was given for the benefit of the Stage Women's War Relief and was planned with the most minute attention to detail and with a nice consideration of the advantages afforded by the charm of the surroundings. By eight-thirty, when the guests began to arrive, darkness had settled down on the rambling grey house set close to the edge of the water and on the delightful garden stretching away along an irregular shore-line to a boat-landing well down the bay. Softly illuminated from within, the house glowed hospitably in the darkness; a leafy lantern-hung arbour reached from one side down to the shore. At the front, beneath two large Japanese lanterns, girls in the Motor Corps uniform stood at each side of the picturesque doorway. The boat landing, too, was hung with lanterns, and close to the house, on the very edge of the Sound, was what appeared to be a small grey stone watch tower, from the four top corners of which Japanese lanterns, silhouetted against the dark waters, bobbed in the breeze, gently illuminating a great American flag. The entire entertainment was beautifully done. Not one light was too bright, nor one strain of music too loud. First the stringed orchestra from the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station played Venetian airs, then Max Rosen rendered some appropriately romantic selections, but the climax of the eve-

(*Continued on page 91*)



Girls in the Motor Corps uniform guarded the picturesque lantern-hung doorway of Grace George's house on the occasion of the fête given for the Stage Women's War Relief



A country club costume seen at Piping Rock shows two shades of grey flannel in a skirt tucked to a point above the knees and a coat with long tails. A flat hat of taupe ostrich feathers and a taupe fox muff complete the costume

Mrs. Leonard Thomas wore a deep corselet blouse of dull silver lace over a skirt of cream coloured chiffon. Her little ruffled cape of rose taffeta was both quaint and becoming

Very becoming is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt's dress of black taffeta with an all-over design done lightly in cream coloured thread and a transparent band at the bottom of the straight skirt

Ira L. Hill

LIEUTENANT AND MRS. GEORGE B. POST, JUNIOR

Mrs. George B. Post, junior, was Miss Irene Langhorne Gibson, the daughter of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, who is now at the head of the Committee on Art that passes on all the picture and poster war-time activities of the Government. Mrs. Post's mother was one of "the three beautiful Langhornes," the other two of whom married Mr. Waldorf Astor and Mr. Robert H. Brand. Lieutenant George B. Post, junior, is the son of George Brown Post, well known not only as the architect of many of the public buildings of New York, but also for his Civil War experience. Mrs. Post spent the summer at Hauppauge, Long Island, in order to be near her husband, who was stationed in that neighborhood

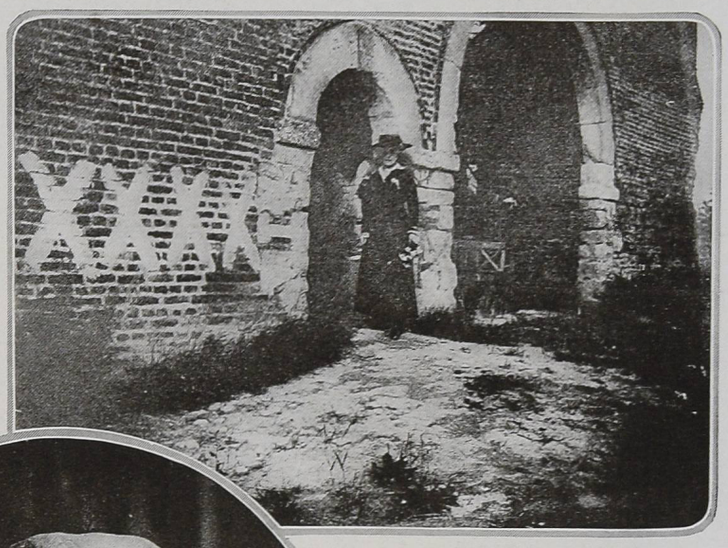
THE WAR RELIEF WITH NO RED TAPE

Have you enough to eat, clothes to keep you warm, a bed to sleep in at night—"and safety for the least of your possessions"?

Then why don't you send a cheque to-day that will buy milk for the children of France? They are very thin and hungry.

Or why don't you pack a box of warm clothing to be sent to the devastated districts of France? The damp cold over there creeps into the very marrow of one's bones.

Money or clothing sent to the Duryea War Relief, 9 East 30th Street, New York, will be forwarded directly to France. "No Red Tape" is the motto of that organization.



The four crosses on the wall of this château near Noyon are German directions for troops and signify: pillage; burn; shoot on sight; poison the wells

COME and stand in this upper window of the Duryea War Relief station in Roye and look down at the faces of the refugees who are waiting there for supplies to be distributed. You can see plainly, for the glass was long ago shattered from the windows, and the same cold rain which drizzles down on their faces will fall on your head through the big shell holes in the roof. Do you see that old grandmother in front there—the one with the very thin white face under the little black shawl? She has lost four sons, and her daughter is to be buried at three to-day. The little boy with her is Jean, her five year old grandson—you can see the bit of crape she has tied around his neck for his dead mother.

Jessie Tarbox Beals

Mrs. Nina Larrey Duryea, organizer and head of the Duryea War Relief

IN THE DEVASTATED DISTRICTS

The little girl standing by the old man in the corner is really six years old, although she looks much younger. She never lets go the old man's hand—you wonder perhaps why she is so timid when only friends are here. She is afraid all the time, although she couldn't tell you of what. You see, her mother was a very pretty woman—little Marie Louise looks like her—and when the Germans came into Roye she took her little girl up in her arms and ran to hide in a wood. But it wasn't any use—the Germans found her there,—some twenty of their soldiers,—and when they left her she was dead—they didn't even see little Marie, who was standing behind a tree, not making a sound. For two days and nights the little girl sat by her pretty dead mother; berries were growing in the wood, and she ate a few of them when she was very hungry and thirsty. She didn't dare to go very far; shells were bursting all around, but she didn't mind that—it was the sound of German voices that made her run back from the berry bushes and hide her head on her mother's shoulder. You can understand now why she never lets go of old Père la Touche's hand—poor old Père La Touche whose only son is lying in a hospital bed in Paris, stone blind.

THE DURYEA SHORT CUT TO FRANCE

In newspaper slang, a certain type of hysterical writing—usually done by women—is called "sob-sister stuff." Perhaps you think these paragraphs belong to that class. But they don't; they are plain, cold, restrained, understatements of facts and they could be duplicated, in all their appealing pathos, by hundreds and by thousands of hundreds.

What are you going to do about it—"you who have safety for the least of your possessions"?

Perhaps you have a boy who goes off to school every day and comes whistling up the steps at night, as full of life and "pep" as his own fox-terrier. Then you surely want to give something to little Jean, whose hands are very cold and red on the October morning when you read this, and who had such bad chilblains on his poor little feet last winter—only then his mother was there to do them up in soft rags for him. That little girl of yours—wasn't it fun to see the light of those six birthday candles shining on her face? Perhaps for her sake you would like to send some warm clothes to Marie Louise, or a cheque to be spent on free milk—it's more than two years now since she has had a cup of milk. The Duryea War Relief gives you an opportunity to do this, for Mrs. Duryea is now in Roye, giving out supplies, and Mrs. Edward Shearson is with her, supervising the distribution of free milk.

There was once a man who had extraordinary understanding; he wrote many books, among them an essay on "Habit." In this essay he said: "An emotional state without action as an outlet is immoral." The history of the Duryea War Relief is an example of just the sort of "outlet in action" to which William James

(*Continued on page 86*)

This photograph was taken by one of the Duryea Relief Committee in a village about two miles from Roye. Before the war this village had twelve hundred inhabitants; all that remained are shown here. The photograph shows them with clothes and tools supplied by the Duryea War Relief, for Mrs. Duryea and her staff were the first relief workers to reach them

Two photographs from Bain News Service

Mrs. Douglas W. Paige posed as "Vive la France," and Miss Audrey Osborn as the Red Cross Nurse at the Red Cross Benefit at Bellport, Long Island

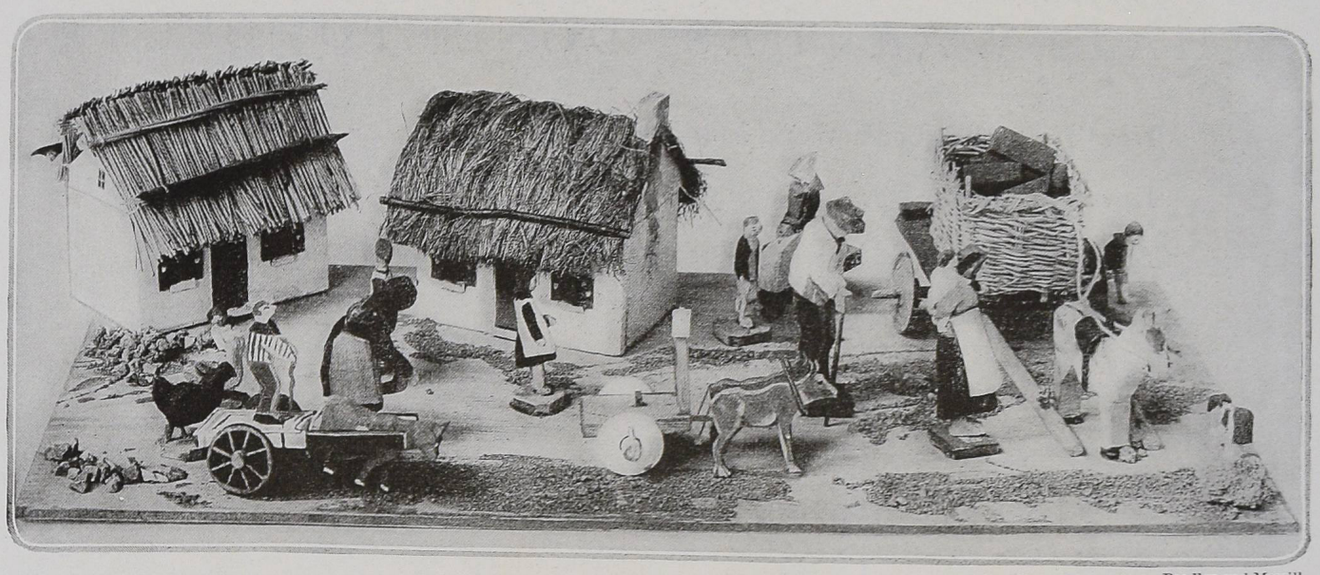
Do you remember the Vogue cover, "Vive la France," by Georges Lepape, —that cover that was so full of patriotic appeal and enthusiasm and yet so typical of Vogue that one could not fail to recognize it on the news-stand? The young women who planned the tableaux that were the principal feature of the Red Cross Benefit at Bellport, remembered the cover and used it as the inspiration for the striking tableau photographed above. One knows at once that the tableau at the right is a Vogue cover, too, but one feels, as well, that it's a picture that makes one stop and think—and give to the Red Cross. That's why it was chosen for another of these tableaux. The backgrounds for this cover, which was designed by Porter Woodruff, and for the tableau photographed above, were painted by two Vogue artists, Helen Dryden and Claire Avery

Alice Boughton

ONCE MORE VOGUE COVERS

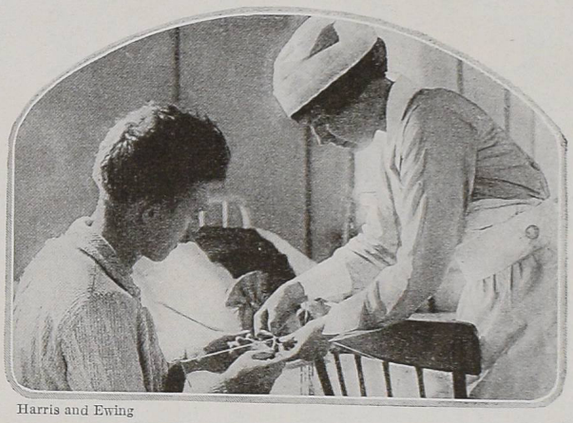
ENLIST TO HELP A WAR

CHARITY, THE RED CROSS



Bradley and Merrill

French villages like this will be made by men who have seen them under fire and who are convalescing in hospitals here and in France



Harris and Ewing

Even knotting fringe takes a convalescent's mind off the places that hurt most

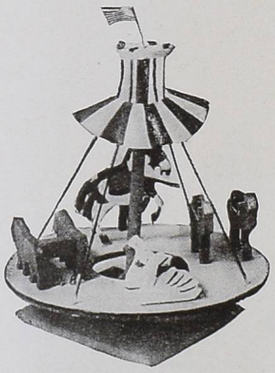
THE GLORIOUS COMPANY

Note—Would you like to help our disabled soldiers and sailors through the grey days of their convalescence?

The Red Cross Institute will help these men to "Carry On" after their discharge from the hospital by giving them a course of instruction, in the trade or profession for which they are best suited, but meantime they must spend weeks, perhaps months, in military hospitals.

Why don't you apply for admission to the War Service Classes for Training Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy for Military Hospitals?

The Office is at 680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Toy-making and bedside therapy are becoming synonymous in many military hospitals

ARE you a sport? If you aren't, it will hardly be worth your while to read this article, for it is about nothing but sports. It is about men who have the courage to fling a challenge back to the gods who thought to crush them; it is about men who cast the dice of chance and lost, and kept on playing, and won more than chance can give or take away. Such men were the Old Guard who died, but did not surrender; such a man is King Albert of Belgium, from whom has been taken "all but his own soul"; and a woman like them was Edith Cavell, who, when she was told that she was to be imprisoned for several weeks before being shot, wrote to a friend: "Mine has been a very busy life, with little or no leisure—I am glad that I shall have a little time to myself to think."

There is in all of us something as primitive as hunger or the instinct of self-preservation which makes us admire this kind of courage—the splendid sporting quality possessed by the man who plays the game, no matter what his handicap may be; something which makes us approve the sentence which Hugh Walpole wrote on the fly-leaf of his "Fortitude": "It isn't life that matters, but the courage we bring to it."

The red badge of courage has become the symbol in these last five years of the battlefields of France, and to the goodly fellowship of the dead who have not died in vain is added the glorious company of those who have given, not their lives, but all that makes life a joyous possession—those who can never run or walk freely again, those who can never pull an oar or swing a scythe or play a game again, and those who will never again see the smoke rising from the chimneys of their houses.

THE DARK DAYS AFTER THE HOSPITAL

That Dark Care which rides ever behind the horseman will follow the roads these men take when they come back among us, and they, who have suffered so much, will need all their courage, and they will need more than that; they will need an attitude of the community that is really helpful—something that is neither brutal indifference nor theatrical sentimentality.

The war cripple wants a job, first of all; but in order to get a job he has to go through a special training, for as a rule his injuries have unfitted him for further work at his old trade. Of course, the training of war cripples has been done on very extensive lines in France, where the first school where disabled men could be taught new trades was established in the autumn of 1914. Our own Government is already planning the greatest educational work ever undertaken. To every disabled man discharged from the hospital, beginning at his bedside in those long weary days before he is discharged,—will be given, if he will accept it, a thorough course of instruction in the trade or profession for which he is best suited. Men who have taken these courses are often able to earn much more than they did before the war. For example, in one of the vocational schools at Alberta, Canada, a lumberman who, after having lost his right leg in the war, was educated in motor mechanics, fitted himself for the civil service and now holds a position in the Canadian customs at a two thousand dollar salary.

A splendid beginning for this work has already been made at the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled men, established in New York through the gift of Jeremiah Milbank, to train the wounded or injured for occupations by which they can support themselves. At present instruction is being given in six trades: mechanical drafting, printing, manufacture of artificial limbs, oxy-acetylene welding, motion picture operation, and several different branches of jewellery work.

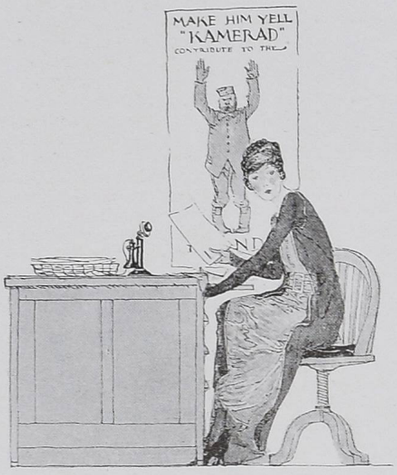
As the public becomes more familiar with the work of this Institute, it is hoped that a new

(*Continued on page 89*)

WHAT WAR HAS DONE TO CLOTHES

Now That All Women Work, Working Clothes Have Acquired a New Social Status and Chic, And Even Formal Evening Dress Takes a More Serious and Practical View of Life

WOMAN is by instinct an actress. It is only the supremely happy or the supremely unhappy woman who does not play a part. This is probably the true explanation of woman's overwhelming interest in dress. If she has taste, wealth, and leisure, she perfects her rôle to the most minute detail; from the sweep of her hair to the turn of her boots every smallest point helps to convey one dominating impression. It is true that an occasional woman dresses well without conscious effort. One finds them in all walks of life, just as one finds genius, but these are the few arresting exceptions which prove the rule. Usually the woman who possesses elegance and distinction does so at the cost of considerable effort. Consciously or unconsciously she carefully studies the effect of every item in her wardrobe. Consciously or unconsciously she strives to convey, in each costume, a dominating impression. The psychology of dress, in so far as the successful designer and maker of clothes is concerned, consists of reading aright the mind of womankind and in aiding her to appear before the world in the character which she wishes to create. There is more method in the madness of fashion than is evident at first glance. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred there is a reason for that foolish little bow and a sensible explanation of that seemingly senseless ruffle.

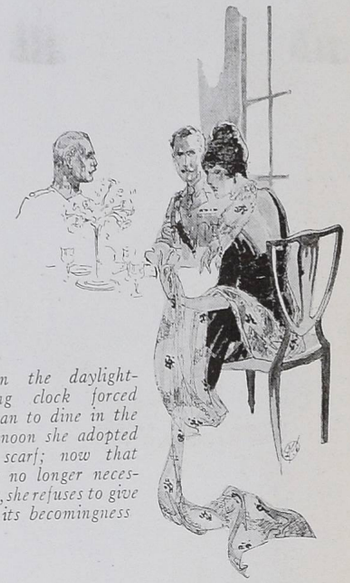


Typical of the new clothes for the war worker is this dress of velours and satin

THE WHY OF THE PRESENT FASHIONS

The clothes of to-day are the direct reflection of the times. It is not so much war, as typified by khaki and guns, that they represent, as the conditions brought about by war. Woman, happily, has recognized her obligation to keep her person free from the touch of militarism. She has had the good taste to avoid brass buttons and khaki, unless they mean actual service. She is one of the fair things for which man is fighting, and to clothe her with the habiliments of war would be like turning the fair home cities for which our men are giving their all, into dingy arsenals. But for all of that, the times are written in her every garment, and in the clothes for autumn one may read war and the echoes of war as they come to the woman of America. The sobriety of the day is written in quiet colours and unostentatious lines, and the determination to "carry on" finds expression in charm of line and beauty of material. Women are no slackers. In their charge has been left all the beauty and loveliness of life for the integrity of which the men at the front are fighting. They must keep this precious thing, and in their capacity of guardians of one of the biggest things in the world they are striving, consciously or subconsciously, to dress the part. This is no time for a woman to "slump" in her appearance, for an external slump bespeaks an internal slump for which there is no place in the world to-day. That is why the dress of the American woman promises to be as smart, as tasteful, and as becoming as of old, although it is more serious in character.

Probably for the first time in the history of dress the talented designers are giving their attention to the creating of women's working clothes. Heretofore the woman who took part in any occupation dressed in imitation of her less industrious sister of leisure, and her clothes were seldom designed primarily for her occupation. To-day all women work. This means that many women who have been accustomed to dress the part they play with the utmost attention to appropriateness, charm, and chic, are now striving to dress the part of the woman who works. Some very successful clothes have been designed for the woman who is serving her country in a capacity that does not call for a uniform. There are, for instance, a number of very flat cloth dresses which may be worn under a canteen apron, which have genuine charm in line and detail. There are also many attractive frocks evolved from the Red Cross apron, several of which have been shown in earlier issues of Vogue. These consist of a black satin tunic fashioned on the lines of the apron and worn over a close underskirt of velours. The designer of these frocks has made velours coats to accompany them, which completely cover the satin apron and leave their wearer smartly gowned for tea or a late afternoon call. There is another service dress for women which consists of a serge or tricotine slip worn over a blouse and knickerbockers of black satin. When work becomes very strenuous, such as packing large boxes, the outer slip may be taken off, giving such freedom as woman has known heretofore only in her riding clothes. There are scores of new frocks which are so



When the daylight-saving clock forced woman to dine in the afternoon she adopted the scarf; now that it is no longer necessary, she refuses to give up its becomingness

The evening gown of to-day shows dignity of line and beauty of material. The lady at the left wears black velvet with a draped skirt and trimmed with yellow Venetian lace; from George Bernard. Her friend at the right has chosen blue velvet, devoid of ornament, but wonderfully effective in line; from Bergdorf and Goodman

The more formal type of home dinner gown for the weary war worker usually appears in subdued colours. This one is of maroon velvet and midnight blue chiffon with effective fringe of midnight blue; from Mollie O'Hara

simple as to permit woman to work in them with the utmost comfort, and yet so chic that they do not lower her standard of smartness. Typical of these is the frock sketched in the upper middle on page 62, which consists of a coat-like overdress of tête de négre velours over a satin slip of a slightly lighter tone. At the side just below the belt deep pockets are inserted between the coat-like portion of the dress and its lining.

THE WAR WORKER AT HOME

The present active life of the former woman of leisure is responsible also for the increased vogue of a garment which has not before received overmuch attention—the home dinner gown. All day long this woman works in canteens, Red Cross rooms, at her motor, or in camp. By night she is genuinely physically tired. She feels indisposed for the formality of an evening gown, and yet, after her contact with the harsher side of life, her femininity craves a soft becoming frock. This need is answered by the home dinner gown which has all the feminine grace and loveliness of an evening gown without its formality. In this gown she may dine with perfect appropriateness at home with her family or with guests. These gowns vary considerably in character. Some of them closely resemble a negligée in their informality (and these a woman reserves for such times as she dines with her family alone), and others have almost the dignity of an evening gown. Of the latter type is the gown sketched at the upper left on this page. It is made of exquisitely fine supple maroon velvet and midnight blue chiffon. From the back of the sleeve just above the wrist drop long strands of midnight blue fringe, and this fringe is looped across the front in a semblance of a girdle just below the little jacket. For the more formal of these home gowns conservative, somewhat subdued colours are used, such as putty colour, terra cotta, and dull blue. For the less formal gown, such colours as turquoise blue in combination with black, soft greys, curious old reds, and soft grey blues are used. One of the loveliest of this type of home dinner gowns is made of a printed silk in a design which suggests batik work done in soft colours. This printed silk is fashioned into a close slip which is wound about the body, and over it floats yards of neutral coloured tulle.

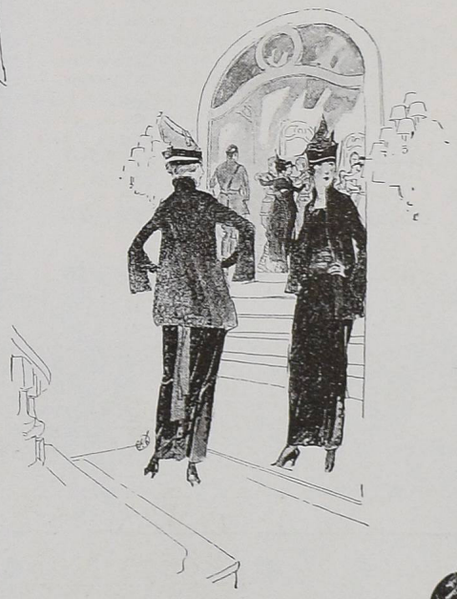
The real evening gown of war times has a character of its own. The formality of the prewar time evening gown is lacking, and in its place there comes a greater simplicity—the simplicity and dignity of beautiful materials and colourings. For despite the havoc war is working with the manufacturers of textiles, the makers of women's clothes have yet found plenty of beautiful stuffs with which to work. Many of the evening gowns of the winter will be of velvet and satin, and the most successful of these gowns of American inspiration are of the character of the two dresses sketched at the lower right on page 62. That at the left is a black velvet with a bodice that fits the carefully corseted figure (which appears to be uncorseted), and which yet wrinkles in a delightfully nonchalant manner. The skirt is draped at the sides, but owing to the softness of the material falls gracefully to the figure. A girdle of jet about the waist hangs in two long ends at the back. Yellow Venetian lace is set in points at the front and back of the bodice, and there are little cuffs of the lace on the close sleeves. The gown at the right is of midnight blue velvet in a soft tone. It is without trimming, and owes its charm to the graceful drapery and the rather intricate design of the model. A straight square train of the type frequently seen at present gives dignity and distinction of line.

Indirectly, but none the less effectively, war has brought about a revival of the scarf. The advancing of the clock which took place during the summer and which brought the dinner hour well forward into daylight gave special impetus to the vogue for this charming accessory, and having had its charm brought home, woman seems determined to cling to it whatever the times may do with clocks and dinner hours. Last summer when seven-thirty—the six-thirty of other years—found a summer sun blazing down from a bright blue heaven, woman faced the embarrassing predicament of having to don a decolleté gown to dine or dance, although this neither felt nor looked correct. She solved the difficulty by wrapping a scarf about her shoulders, and having grown familiar with the illusive charm and the grace of line which the scarf imparts, she is loath to drop it, even though now she dines in the more flattering rays of artificial light.

FOR COAL-LESS DAYS

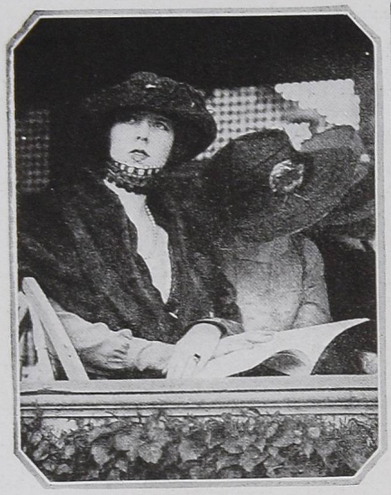
The conserving of coal, like the conserving of daylight, has also had its effect upon the mode, and this we find reflected in warmer dresses for interior wear. Gowns with transparent sleeves, except in the case of formal afternoon gowns, are growing less and less frequent, and dresses of the type sketched at the lower right on this page are enjoying a greater vogue. The one at the left is of golden brown velveteen, a material which will be used as a substitute for wool when warmth is desired. That at the right is of an exquisitely supple grey wool velours, and is distinctly a war gown, as the velours of which it is fashioned is made from "shoddy" which, for the first time in history, has become a part of the clothes of the fashionable woman. So scornfully has the world regarded this product in the past that the term "shoddy" has come to signify something cheap and unworthy, yet as a matter of fact, shoddy

(*Continued on page 92*)



The woman who teas and dances after war work will welcome an all-day dress of satin with a coat braided in soutache. The skirt is narrow but slashed; the coat has taken thought for the frock beneath in slashes that show the long slim sleeves; frock from George Bernard

The patriotic woman conserves coal and wool in a dress of golden brown velveteen such as that at the left, or a very effective one of grey wool velours made from that new shoddy which will spend the tea hour informally in so many homes this winter; two models from The Sports Shop for Women



© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Morgan Belmont was photographed in her box at the Horse Show. With her is her guest, Miss Hannah Randolph, daughter of Mr. Philip S. P. Randolph, of Philadelphia

© International Film Service, Inc.

Mrs. Forsyth Wickes was accompanied at the Horse Show by her daughters, Miss Fanny and Miss Barbara Wickes, who are interested in sports of all kinds. Captain Wickes is in the service overseas

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Mrs. Joseph E. Widener's box is never vacant at this annual event. Mrs. Widener looked particularly charming in her light coloured frock, dark fur, and becoming broad brimmed hat

HERE ARE THIRTEEN PERFECTLY GOOD REASONS FOR GOING TO THE NEWPORT HORSE SHOW

© Underwood & Underwood

Miss Fifi Widener, the daughter of Mr. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, was present, looking very pretty in a becoming frock

© International Film Service, Inc.

Miss Katharine B. Lawrence, the daughter of Mr. Prescott Lawrence, was photographed while talking with a young Naval officer

© Underwood & Underwood

Miss Elizabeth Sands, the daughter of Mr. Frederic P. Sands, Miss Helen Parker, and Mrs. John Borland, the wife of Lieutenant John Borland, U. S. N., were among the interested spectators

© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. J. Fred Pierson, junior, and Mrs. Lounsbery Perry were interested spectators at the Horse Show where Miss Eleonora Sears, Miss Constance Vauclain, and Mr. Charles Lanier were among the winners. Mrs. Perry spent the summer at "The Poplars," her Newport home

Mrs. Frederic Neilson was also among those present. Her daughter, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, has been very active in all the entertainments given in Newport

© International Film Service, Inc.

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Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs was photographed with her little daughter, Miss Marjorie Oelrichs, and with Mrs. Barrington Moore

NEWPORT PROVED AT THE HORSE SHOW THAT

ITS INTERESTS ARE NOT WHOLLY NAVAL

© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Henry Clews wore a light frock and a sailor hat trimmed with flowers. Mrs. Clews has given many informal luncheons at her home, "The Rocks"

Governor Beeckman of Rhode Island and Mrs. Beeckman have been very prominent at Newport this season. Mrs. Beeckman has been a patroness for many of the entertainments for the Navy

© Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Lawrence L. Gillespie, Miss Ruth King, and Mrs. W. Watts Sherman were seen together, wearing charming summer frocks. Mr. Gillespie is president of the Newport Improvement Society

Count J. de Strelecki

Baron de Meyer

Jeanne Eagels, who has been George Arliss's leading woman for two years, is now a Belasco star in "Daddies," which opened the Belasco theatre this season. Bruce McRae, who has finally "come out of the kitchen", has the leading male rôle, and the delightful George Giddens is included in the cast

Abbe

Fanny Brice has deserted the Follies to appear in "Why Worry," a farce with songs by Montagu Glass and Jules Eckart Goodman, authors of the ineffable "Potash and Perlmutter." Many names famous in vaudeville appear in the cast of Miss Brice's company

Lewis-Smith

Lynn Fontanne has the leading rôle in "Someone in the House," which is called "a polite thief play." It has a cast which includes Hassard Short, who played in "Peg o' My Heart," William B. Mack, the actor-author, John Blair, and Mona Kingsley

Maurice Goldberg

Laura Arnold was playing the heroine when "Maytime" completed a year's run in New York. During this time it has had four "leading ladies" and has been seen in five theatres. It has the distinction of having had the longest run of the year, and is still going strong

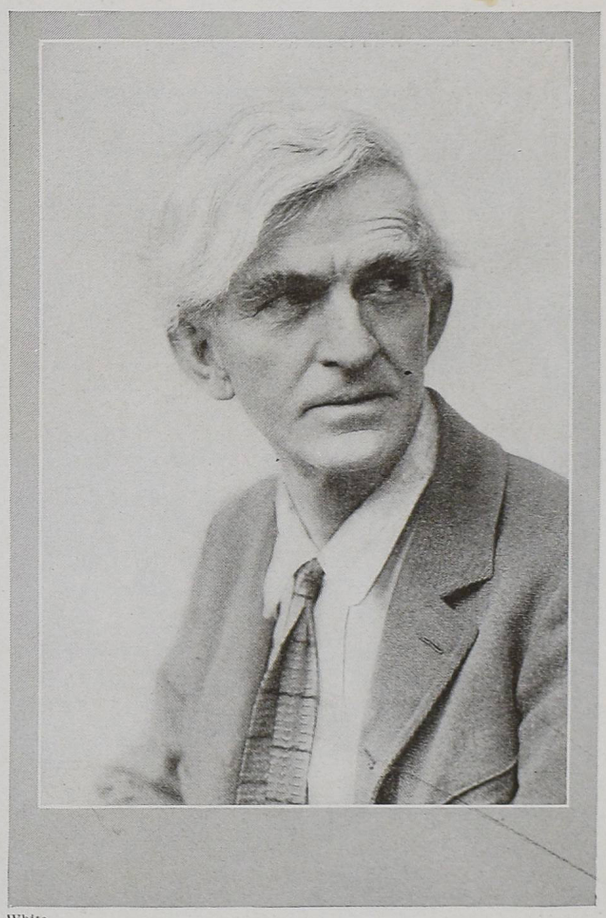
SEEN *on the* STAGE

New York, with an Embarrassment of New Plays Which Have the Stamp of Established Reputation, Reserves Its Supreme Praise for an Amateur Venture

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

ONE of the most valuable assets of the arts is the potency of what may be called the amateur spirit. The word "amateur" is frequently misused and, in consequence, misunderstood. Literally looked at, it signifies a "lover"; and an amateur may rightly be defined as one who works for the love of working, in contradistinction from one who works for wages. The paid professional is nearly always better trained and more experienced than the cleverest amateur; but, on the other hand, the amateur enjoys the great advantage of working for the fun of the thing and reveling in self-enjoyment. This self-enjoyment is inherently contagious and is very easily communicated, through the medium of the theatre, to a public highly sensitized by the electricity of crowd-psychology.

By far the most impressive event of the first six weeks of the new theatre season was the triumphant success of "Yip Yip Yaphank,"—a military "mess" cooked up by the boys of Camp Upton. This show was pieced together and rehearsed by the drafted men of the metropolitan district in the few and scattered hours of leisure allotted to them in the arduous schedule of their military service. On Monday night, August 19, it was offered at the Century Theatre — quite honestly "for one week only"—in the hope of raising a little money for establishing a community house at Camp Upton for the wives, mothers, and sweethearts who visit their boys at camp. Before noon of the next day, a noisy rumour was already thundering around New York that this military "mess" was a show that no lover of the theatre could possibly afford to miss. Habitual frequenters of Broadway began to pour in from the seashore and the mountains, and the Century Theatre was packed to its capacity. By special dispensation, Major-General J. Franklin Bell allowed the boys of Upton to disport themselves a second week on the stage of the Century. At the end of this second week, a pre-existent contract required them to vacate the palatial playhouse on Central Park West; but—once more with the permission of Major-General Bell — they transferred their show to the Lexington Opera House, and proceeded at once to pack the theatre day after day and week after week.



White

Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" is said by the critics to have created the best character study since Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. Beside that, he wrote the play himself, with the collaboration of Winchell Smith

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

This impressive triumph must be registered to the credit of the amateur spirit. Of course, it is necessary to admit that most of the men concerned in this concoction had already served their time as professional practitioners of the theatre before they were drafted into the National Army. For instance, the words and music of the show were composed by Sergeant Irving Berlin, who had acquired a comfortable reputation on Broadway before the occasion came for donning our uniform of olive drab. But even the contribution of so experienced a professional as Sergeant Berlin was appreciated much more keenly by the public because of the electrical sense that this excellent work had been done not for money but for love.

"YIP YIP YAPHANK"

In reviewing such a piece as "Yip Yip Yaphank," it is impossible to write except in the first person. I have been going regularly to the theatre for more than twenty years; and I wish to state, emphatically, that this military "mess" is the most spirited and inspiriting musical show that I have ever attended in New York, with the single exception of "The Land of Joy," which was produced a year ago with a wondrous company of Spanish players.

By delivering an unexpected punch, these amateurs from Camp Upton have uncovered the weakness which abides at the basis of our commercial and complacent theatre. This weakness may be formulated in the axiom that spontaneous enjoyment can not be bought for any amount of money. For years we had admired the prowess of such impresarios as Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. Dillingham, the Messrs. Shubert, and the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger in the staging of "big shows," and had wondered—rather vaguely — why these "big shows" left always something undefined to be desired ardently. Some element was obviously lacking, although we did not know precisely what it was. The answer to this riddle has now been given by the boys of Camp Upton. What we missed, and vaguely felt for, was the note of joy,—that contagion of enjoyment which comes only when the amateur spirit is permitted to take wings and flutter freely at its own unfettered will.

"Yip Yip Yaphank" disperses the contagion of spontaneous enjoyment from the outset to the end. Instead of disclosing a dozen or a score of hired chorus-men who were ready to deliver a pre-determined series of stage gestures for so many dollars a week, this show revealed two hundred real men—already sworn to die for France and all that the ideal of France now means in the imagination of the world—who were ready to sing and dance their hearts out for the simple purpose of raising enough money to build a hut at Upton for the comfort of the chaps to follow them. These fellows were not working for money or for fame. Every one of them was enjoying the lark of his life and singing because he really wanted to sing. And this enjoyment spread like a disease to the assembled audience.

The primary reason why the public had a good time at the performance of "Yip Yip Yaphank" was that the performers were having a good time. Yet a critical observer must admit that the production was projected and delivered with consummate art. There was not a single wasted minute in the entire calendar of the show. From the very outset to the very end, the piece moved with a precision that paid tribute to our methods of military training. If our drafted men can produce so easily, in their leisure moments, a musical show that transcends the highest efforts of the Ziegfeld "Follies", or the Shubert "Winter Garden", or the monumental undertakings of Charles Dillingham, it must clearly be a gain to extend the limit of the draft to the age of ninety or beyond.

But the noblest message delivered to the American public by the two hundred drafted men who contributed their talents to the staging of this show was the message that all is right with our National Army. "Yip Yip Yaphank" was so full of vim and vigour, verve and "pep", that it was impossible to impede imagination from forecasting a triumphal entry of these boys of ours into Berlin, and a singing parade from the Brandenburger-Thor to the statue of Frederick the Great, at the eastern end of Unter den Linden. The only thing unconquerable on this earth is a sense of humour and a consequent enjoyment of the communal feeling of good fellowship. These boys of ours from Upton will die with laughter on their lips, if they are called upon to die. This ultimate gesture is a thing that the Boche will never understand. But we at home may still appreciate it and applaud it. A bunch of drafted men who can put over a show like "Yip Yip Yaphank" can break the Hindenburg line whenever they are asked to set aside their smiles and fix their bayonets; and might it not be a merry joke if Sergeant Irving Berlin—our rag-time chieftain—should turn out to be one of the very first Americans to sing and laugh his way into the hostile city that has borrowed his name?

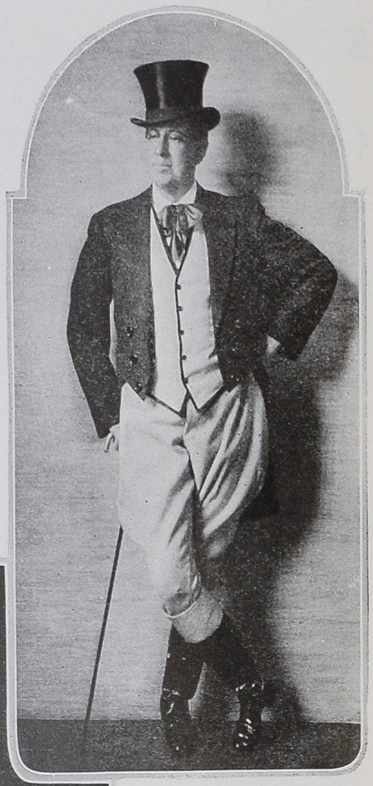
Some day or other, a mighty cheer may echo forth from the capital of Prussia and resound throughout the world. God grant that the syllables, when heard upon these shores, may sound "Yip Yip Yaphank"! This is the gorgeous sentiment that is communicated easily to everybody who attends the current production offered by our boys of Upton. It is a great show, finely planned and finely rendered; and America has every reason to be proud of it.

"DADDIES"

When "The Boomerang" was running in New York, David Belasco stated that the great success of the piece was derived from the fact that

Marceau

Mitzi has returned to Broadway in "Head over Heels", a combination of fun and music in which she has an acrobatic rôle



Abbe

De Wolf Hopper realized a long-cherished ambition when he was cast as the star with the elephants at the Hippodrome

Charlotte Fairchild

Andrew Lawlor satisfies all the Penrod fans when he plays the title rôle in the Tarkington play of that name, dramatized by Edward E. Rose. Herman and Verman are wonderfully played by Thos. McCann and Charles Whitfield

Townsend

(Left) Helen Shipman, one of the youngest leading women on the stage, owns to seventeen and has been continuously before the public since she was three. She has the singing and dancing lead in "He Didn't Want to Do It"

round the room in lock-step. In actual life, men who have been out of college for a decade and a half do not behave like that. They are nearly always bored to death when duty requires them to meet their long-forgotten classmates; and nobody ever ventures to start a college yell till long after midnight, when the mourners at the solemn gathering are adequately drunk. In the theatre, however, the people in the orchestra are nearly always sober, and are required to look on at antics for which they have not been properly prepared. In the first act of "Daddies," a college banner on the wall suggests to the eye that the yelling youths upon the stage were members of the class of 1903. That excellent actor, John W. Cope, depicts the part of one of the participants in the merry lock-step. I have no desire to be personal; but I took my own B. A. in 1900, and if I am older than Mr. Cope I am willing to eat the college banner of Mr. Belasco's class of 1903.

These college men are members of a little club of woman-haters who have promised each other to remain always single, under penalty of forfeiting five thousand dollars to the treasurer of the organization as a fine for violating the agreement. With the natural alertness of youth, it appealed to people who were young, and figured out that the average age of the crowd that continuously packed his theatre for a solid year was twenty-two. Since then, this manager's idea of the average age of the ticket-buying public has apparently been revised in the downward direction. "Polly with a Past," for instance, was clearly aimed at an audience aged seventeen; and now at last, with "Daddies," Mr. Belasco makes a manifest appeal to an audience aged ten. Doubtless he foresaw that, since all the able-bodied and unimpeded men of America from eighteen to forty-five would soon be serving in France, it would be necessary to recruit his future audiences from the secondary schools. I can see no other reason to account for the childish bathos of such a play as "Daddies."

"Daddies," according to the testimony of the programme, was written by John L. Hobble; but this unfamiliar name sounds rather artificial and may be suspected as a "camouflage" for some playwright not quite willing to autograph the text. If this suspicion tallies with the fact, the modesty of the author may reasonably be excused; for the text of "Daddies" is exceedingly jejune. The subject matter is traditional and hackneyed; and no indication of more than ordinary skill is revealed either in the erection of the structure or in the writing of the dialogue.

The play begins with one of those tedious scenes in which a bunch of former classmates reassemble fifteen years after their graduation from college and proceed to make night hideous by bursting into rah-rah-rahs and parading the ten-year-old audience suspects immediately that all of these rah-rahing bachelors will succumb to matrimony before the final curtain falls. They do, indeed; but the author treats them unfairly, by decreeing that they shall endure the disadvantage of becoming fathers before they are required to accept the destiny of becoming husbands.

The meddlesome mother of Bruce McRae — an insufferable character, played very beautifully by that charming actress, Winifred Fraser—persuades each member of this blatant club of bachelors that it is his duty to do his bit by adopting a war-orphan. Mr. Cope unwillingly adopts a little girl who troubles and teases him beyond endurance; yet, when the mother of this little pest turns up in the last act to reclaim the legal custody of her offspring, we are asked to believe that Mr. Cope is willing to marry this Frenchwoman at sight in order to retain his responsibility for bringing up her child. Another member of the class of 1903 —played by George Abbott —offers to undertake the charge of an orphan, and is promptly answered by the delivery of a flock of triplets. It is scarcely necessary to point out that this, also, is an exceedingly original idea. Bruce McRae adopts a girl whom he presumes to be about eight or ten years old; but when she appears at his home, in response to his well-meant requisition, she turns out to be no less than seventeen. He promptly falls in love with her; and it is scarcely necessary to announce that the resultant complications are, also, highly novel.

During the course of the last three acts of

(*Continued on page 87*)

Irene Bordoni is going to desert the musical comedy stage to play the leading feminine rôle with H. B. Warner in "Sleeping Partners." The play has had a long and successful run in London, where Seymour Hicks played the stellar part

BARON DE MEYER

Fay Bainter, after devoting a season to proving in "The Kiss Burglar" that she can be a musical comedy star any time she happens to feel like it, is soon to appear in a non-musical play, the name of which is still a dark secret

Marjorie Rambeau is starring —and playing the only feminine rôle—in "Where Poppies Bloom," Roi Cooper Megrue's war drama. Pedro de Cordoba, Percival Knight, and Lewis Stone are among those present in the cast of the production

ADDE

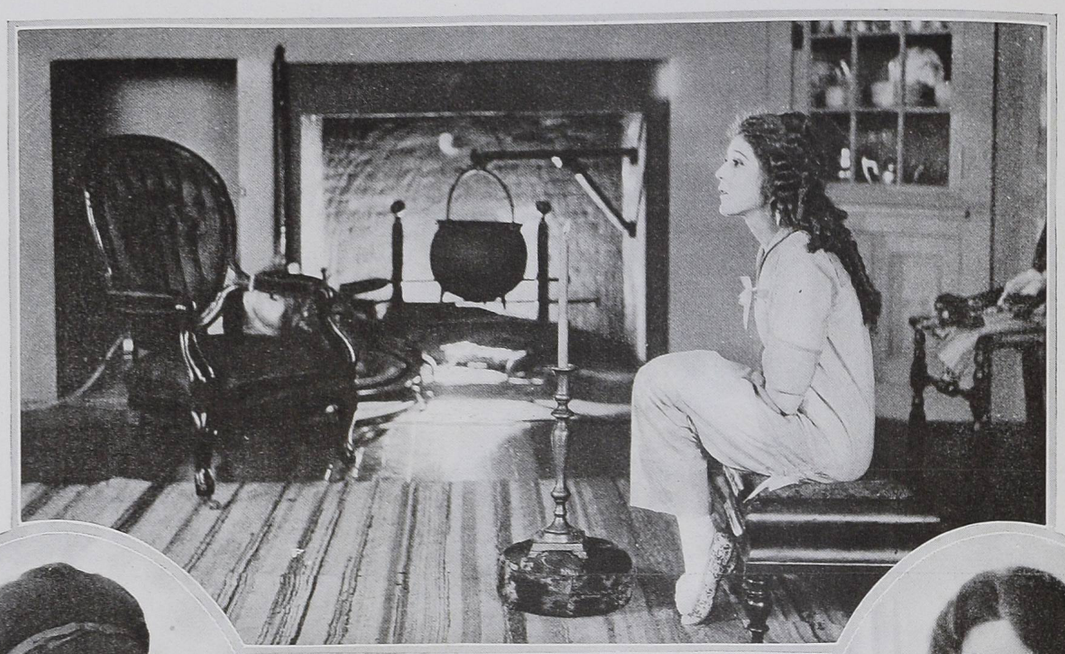
INA S. HILL

Dorothy Cumming, an Australian actress of high achievements, has been Cyril Maude's leading woman for the past two years. She is about to make her first New York appearance in David Belasco's production of Edward Knoblock's new play, "Tiger, Tiger," in which Frances Starr will—true to her name —be the chief stellar attraction

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTONE

Star Shells That Illumine the Broadway Front

Shedding Their Light on the Activities in the Dramatic Trenches



Mary Pickford is keeping the home fires burning in this scene from her new picture, "Captain Kidd, Jr." As a play "Captain Kidd, Jr." had a long and successful run on Broadway last winter

Shirley Mason is the heroine of the Paramount picture "Come On In," which is the first of a series that Anita Loos and John Emerson are collaborating on. Ernest Truex appears with her in this picture

LUMIERE

Margaret Linden is one of the bright stars who shed their dazzling light on World films. Her latest adventure in pictures is called "Pirate Gold," and in it Montagu Love plays the leading male rôle

This is a moving sight—but not a moving picture. It is a glimpse of two stars, away from films and footlights. Charlie Chaplin is here showing Ina Claire one of the sights of the Great West—the place where he keeps that part of his salary which the California banks can't find accommodations for. He has just explained how many motor trucks it takes to bring it over from the studio. Miss Claire has lately been touring the West in her New York theatrical success of last season, "Polly With a Past"

All the World's a Screen

And All the Men and Women Merely Vamps, Ingenues, and Artists With a Custard Pie

The Sculpture of Paul Manship

An Evaluation of His Position in Modern Art

By MARY CASS CANFIELD

THE appearance of Paul Manship in American art—barely six years ago—was marked by his wide and immediate success. Having its origin among the inner circle of the *cognoscenti,* his fame spread rapidly to the general public, with the result that he is now one of the best established figures in contemporary sculpture.

We may find the key to his rapid coming into his own in his very special qualities:—a tendency toward extreme decorative formalism; a poetic fancy, which casts whimsical light over mythology; and a cultivated and unerring taste —qualities which, because of their absence in much modern sculpture, were bound to create a profound impression on a public surfeited with hasty and unconsidered realism.

MANSHIP'S most important characteristic is undoubtedly his decorative instinct. His infinite care for design is always apparent.

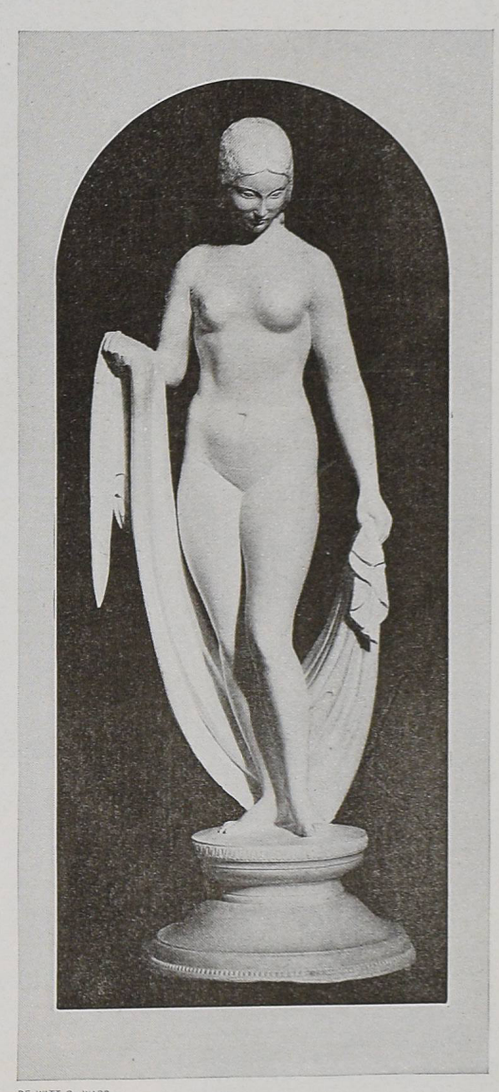
Besides this sense of rhythm in line, Manship brings to his work another gift natural to the decorator—a passion for beautiful detail. The ordered folds of his drapery, each one ironed into its undisputable place; the delicately traced network of hair; the figures or conventional designs which bejewel his bases; the rarity of his patines, among which we find strange dull shades as of ancient bronzes long buried, or ghost-like touches of half-faded gold —all are evidences of an interest in surface, unusual, if not unique, in this hurried century, and reminiscent of the best artisanship of the Renaissance.

A Manship can, in fact, be placed in a room, just as a Cellini or a Giovanni Da Bologna can, without creating the disastrous "bull in a china shop" effect produced by less decorative sculpture. Their refinement enables many of his smaller works to be classed, and used, as bibelots of real value.

He has the feeling for the proper "framing" of sculpture, which so many latter day artists lack, and we find, in everything he does, evidence of an architectural sense of proportion, a regard for the *ensemble* which makes his bases, for instance, appropriate and delightful adjuncts to his figures.

TO his decorative faculty, Manship adds a very peculiar poetry. There is a fairy tale in each one of his creations, a hint at far and luring unreality. To the imaginative mind, those works of art are always most entrancing which, beside plastic or tactile value, contain some hidden spirit of romance. Strangeness has ever been a part of beauty. Suggestion, rather than exposition, is the secret of great art. Not the least of their qualities, therefore, is the quaint mystery of Manship's statues. He has, most emphatically, the imagination of an archeologist.

Not only does he choose legendary subjects; he insists, also, on giving his figures a look as of age; on endowing them with archaic features. His Nymph, Calypso, singing as she twangs a lyre, seems for untold aeons to have lain hidden in some Asian mound; and as for his "Briseis," standing before us so still and so remote, who shall tell from whence she came or what tragic events her downcast eyes have looked upon?



DE WITT C. WARD

"Briseis." Statue by Paul Manship. It will be remembered that when Agamemnon took Briseis away from Achilles, the latter withdrew from the fight against Troy, thus paving the way for all of the events in the Iliad

So—irresistibly attracted by the spirit of former centuries—it is perhaps only natural that Manship should have become enamoured of the ancient techniques. His taste, intensely cultivated, and doubtless responsible for so much of his felicity, has travelled long and is tremendously sophisticated. He has flirted with the Indians, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Renaissance Italians. Like every true artist, his worship of beauty extends to all schools.

In a time and a country not distinguished by appreciation for past greatness, and in which artists have often obviously—and to their detriment—omitted to kneel at the various shrines of loveliness scattered along the ages, it is refreshing to meet such a sensitively responsive temperament as Manship's.

BEAUTY, wherever he can find it, is surely the pole star by which the artist steers; those who neglect to cultivate their taste, proclaiming loudly that knowledge impairs originality, are merely cutting off their own wings. To educate and refine an artist's possibilities has always been the mission of great art. The true creator finds only *inspiration* in the works of masters; he does not fear their *influence.*

Those among modern artists who are not giants, however, must always stagger a little under the weight of their spiritual inheritance. If they happen to be especially sensitive to form, as such, there is always the danger that they will not be able to throw off the impression produced upon them by earlier masters. Many of these less strong personalities, in their fierce effort to liberate themselves, have exploded into the insincere naïveté of cubism, post-impressionism—*Brancusism,* if one may coin a word.

Not so, Manship. If we find in him a too intellectual search for beauty and a not sufficiently vigorous emotional reaction to life we must give him full credit for his unfailing restraint. More self-respecting and self-controlled artistically than Eli Nadelman, for instance, a sculptor who, like him, has the complex mind of a critic and an interpreter—and therefore an extraordinarily clever understanding of past art—he does not allow his sophistication to find a violent evasion from itself in extravagance; nor does he permit his desire for novelty (always the bane of the esthete) to degenerate into anything like mystifying distortion.

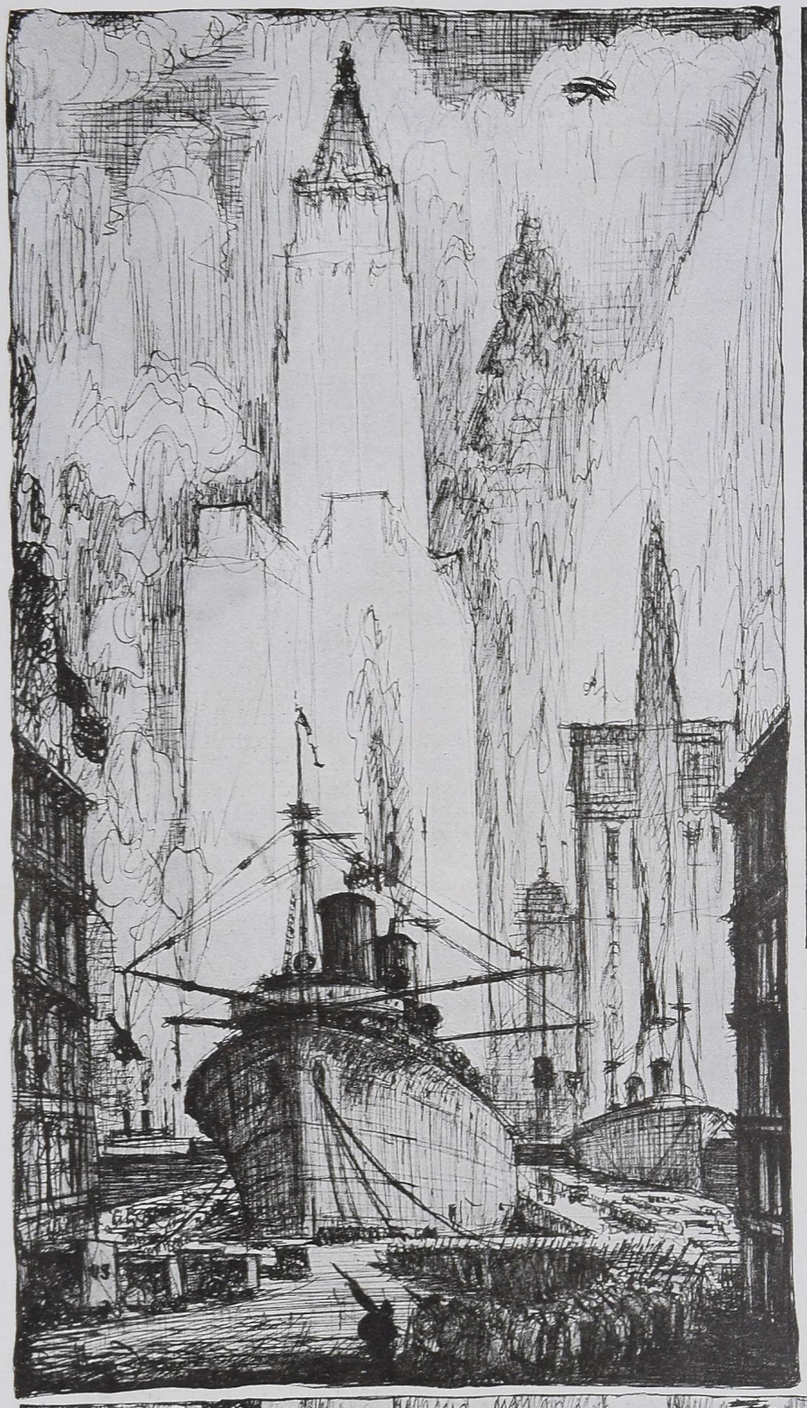
LIKE Arthur B. Davies—in some of his phases—Manship has simply been unable to exclude from his work those features of previous art which he particularly cherishes; and in his less successful efforts, one is too conscious of the discrepancy between modern modelling of a naturalistic kind, and the features and gestures of archaic sculpture.

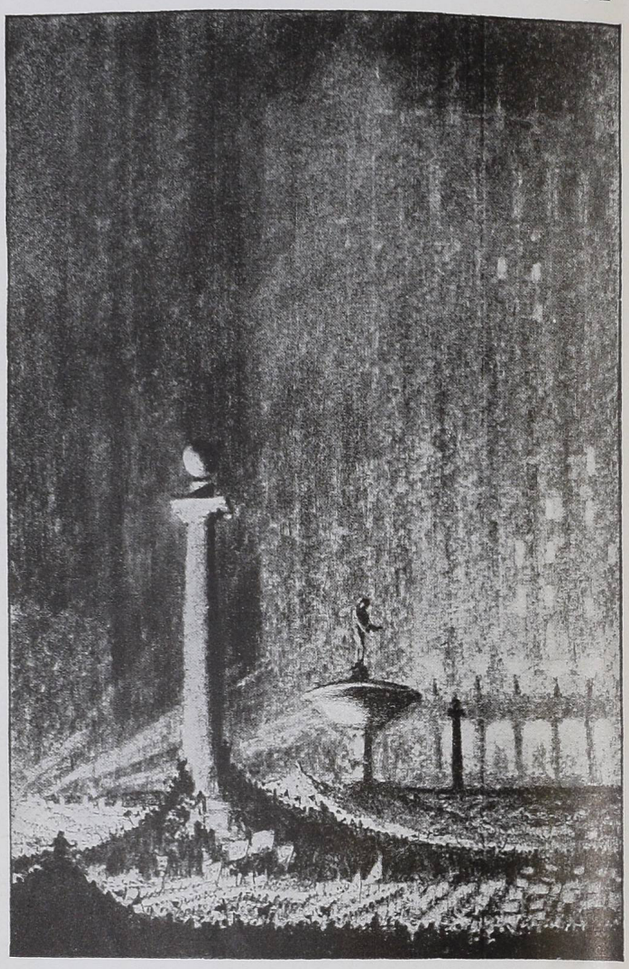
His quick, assimilative faculty, the readiness of his comprehension, his impressionability to beauty, at all times are more notable than his originality, and have all conspired to build up in him a curiously hybrid spirit.

Significant is his tendency toward experimenting with styles. He piques us, for instance, by surrounding his well known "Head of a Baby"—a masterpiece as realistic in treatment as Rodin's study for the head of Balzac—with a graceful, Donatello frame.

This toying with manners is symptomatic of his too intense preoccupation with style—a preoccupation often the first sign of artistic decadence. We feel that this is the game of a scholar, a little weary of his knowledge, and seeking a new sensation in the combination of widely contrasting manners—a thing very different from the almost unconscious form evolved by a simpler and more powerful temperament reacting directly to life.

BUT it is not necessary to quarrel with Manship for the traces of dilettanteism which we find in him, nor to decry him because he is more cultured than vital. If art is not to him an interpretation of life, but an escape from it, we should not lament; we should, rather, be grateful for those beauties in his work which are natural expressions of his particular genius:—for his grace of line, his unfailing beauty of composition, the patient exquisiteness of his workmanship, and the richness and delicacy of his fancy.





The Plaza, with its broad open spaces, has become the scene of frequent civic parades, mass meetings and military processions

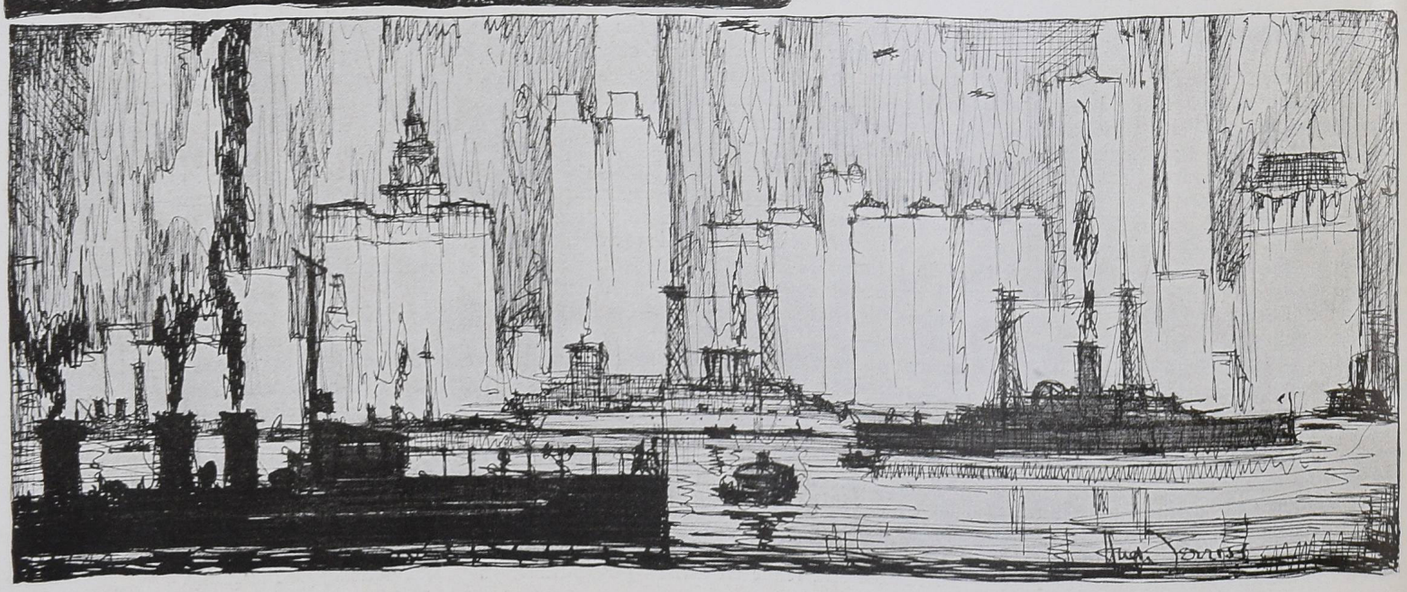
New York in War Time

A Sudden and Picturesque Transformation

Sketches by Hugh Ferriss

Hardly a dock in New York, or Hoboken, but boasts of a gigantic steamer, preparing to sail

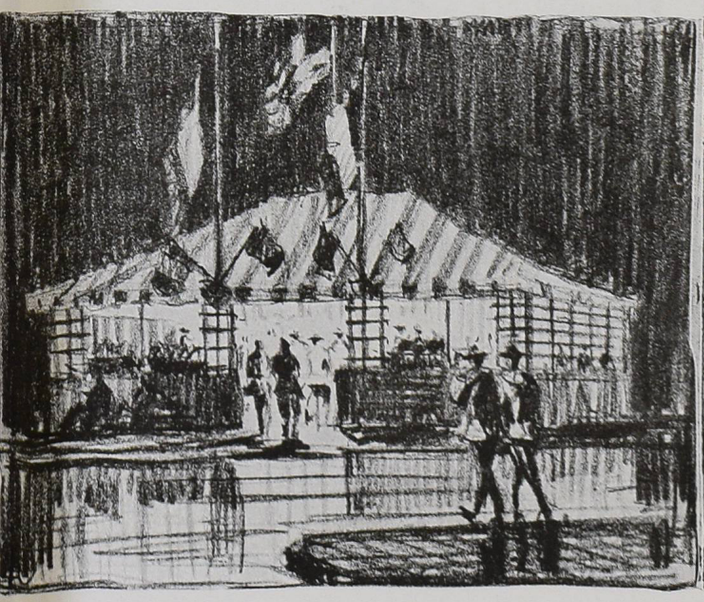
New York harbor now offers, at all hours of the day, a mingled spectacle of peace and war



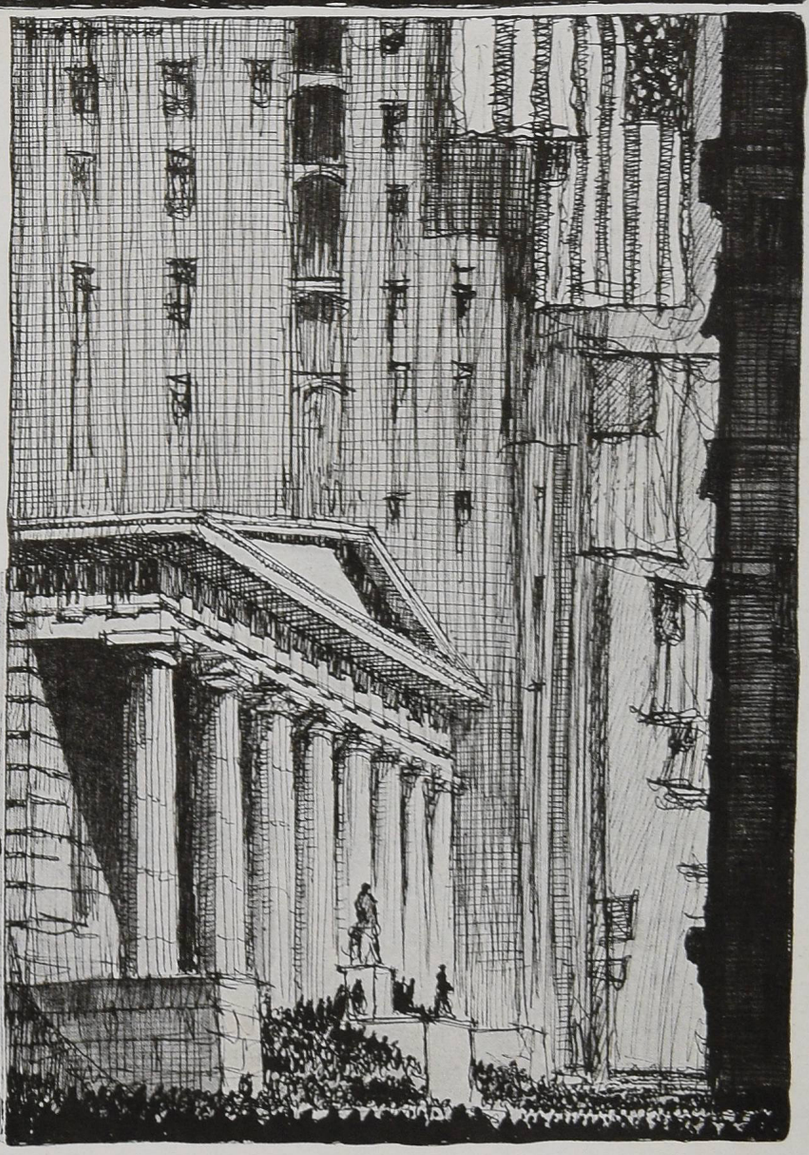
The harbor of wonders. A view near Governors Island, where the tramp steamers and giant camouflaged freighters ride safely at anchor

THERE may be a more interesting and highly vitalized city to live in than New York, but Vogue is inclined to doubt it. New York, since we entered the war, has become, as if in a night, a city of color, wonder and romance. It is the main debarking point on this continent, as well as the center of our military activities. The city has, indeed, assumed a wholly foreign aspect, what with its thousands of foreign soldiers, its patriotic meetings pageants and parades.

At Columbus Circle. One of the scores of soldiers' and sailors' canteens in the parks of New York

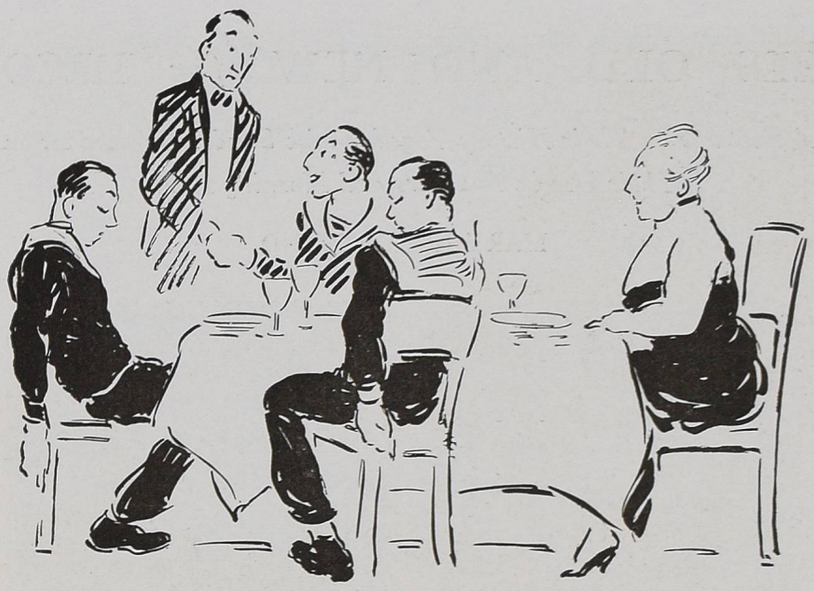


The Sub-treasury building in Wall St., a scene of many patriotic rallies and Liberty Loan assemblages

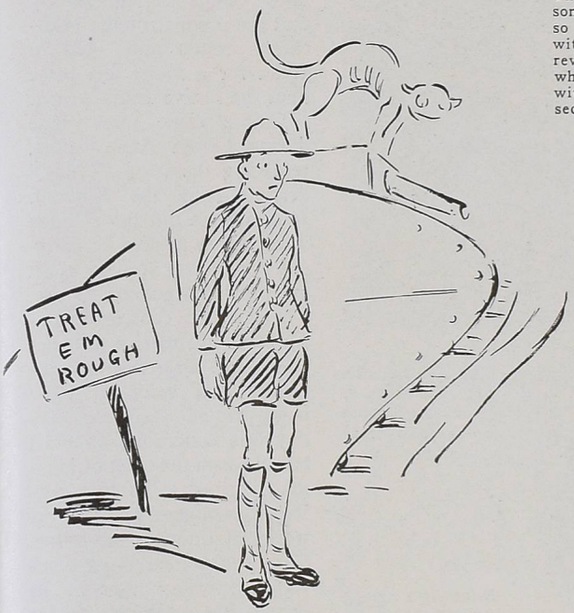


D'Annunzio, the Man Who Could Have Bombed Vienna

IN the center of the group stands Gabriele D'Annunzio, the great Italian poet, who, a few weeks ago, with a squadron of Caproni aeroplanes, conducted a raid over the Austrian capital. The Italians flew low over the city, but instead of dropping death-dealing bombs, they scattered leaflets warning the Viennese to beware of America, and other things in store for them. All the Italian aviators returned safely to their base. On the left of Gabriele D'Annunzio stands his son, Veniero D'Annunzio, who is now in America. The other officer is Lieut. Campioni, who was killed shortly after this photograph was taken. The aeroplane beside which D'Annunzio is standing is a Caproni of approximately six hundred horsepower. It is one of six machines of the same pattern which have been specially fitted for the purpose of bombing Vienna—a plan which these machines will shortly carry out. On this machine of D'Annunzio's, a little glass windshield has been constructed which enables the poet to sit in comparative comfort and dash off his notes while he isn't dashing off bombs.



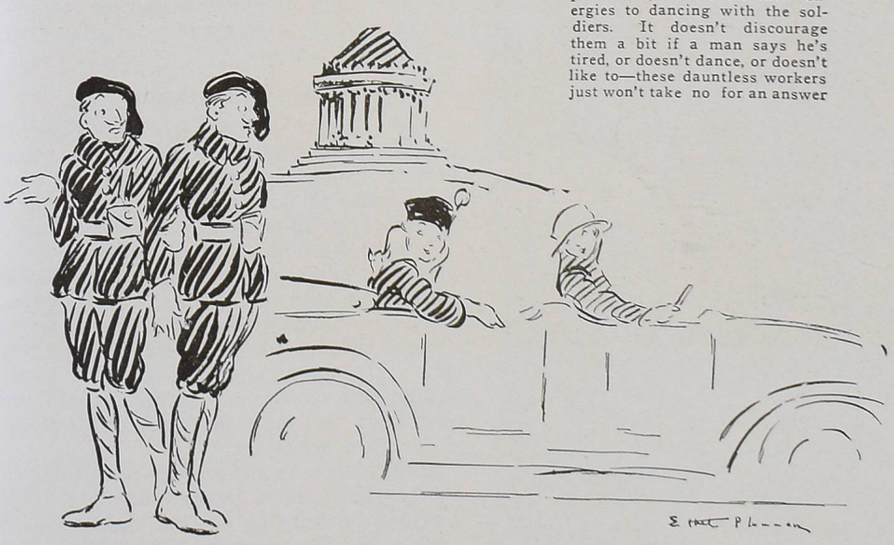
A sketch, from life, of a scene at Sherry's. The hostess thought she just must do something to help poor, dear France along, so she invited three French sailors to dine with her. Note the wild gaieties of the revel. Two of the guests are sleeping, while the third renews his acquaintance with the waiter, who proves to be the second cousin of his wife's sister-in-law



This is the delightful outdoor sport in which a visiting New Zealander was recently urged to participate. While he was passing the New York Public Library, two large, enthusiastic lady war-workers insisted on his getting up and making a speech to encourage recruiting. His boundless joy at the opportunity is here shown

Some women, in a truly inspiring spirit of the better sort of patriotism, devote all their energies to dancing with the soldiers. It doesn't discourage them a bit if a man says he's tired, or doesn't dance, or doesn't like to—these dauntless workers just won't take no for an answer

Any soldier would appreciate being invited to tea, and then being entertained by having the hostess and all her friends ask him questions about camp life, the manual of arms, West Point and Plattsburg compared, and all the other popular inquiries. Our soldiers do so love to talk shop



Some war-workers are far too self-sacrificing to give a soldier a mere lift in the direction he wishes to go, and let it go at that. No, they give him a good long ride, and show him something of our city. The sketch shows two heroines of the Great War who have furthered the cause of the Allies by taking these Blue Devils on a nice ride to Grant's Tomb,—when the Blue Devils wanted to go to Mouquin's restaurant

Amusements for Men in the Service

Sketches by Ethel Plummer

A SOLDIER'S life is not exactly a long round of pleasure; neither is a sailor's existence any direct violation of the anti-loafing act. And yet there are many women who go about deliberately making things harder, not only for our own soldiers and sailors, but for such of those of the Allies as are spending their hard-earned furloughs in our midst. It isn't that these women are in the least vicious; it's just that they mean well—and whenever someone means well, it always means that someone else is going to suffer. There are some women who, in their praiseworthy endeavors to provide good, innocent fun for the men on leave, unfailingly, by a sort of sixth sense, do just the wrong thing. In fact, it almost seems as if General Sherman must have foreseen some of the hideous methods of entertainment that were going to be practised on the soldiers, when he uttered those famous words "Let us have peace"—a sentiment that General Grant expressed just as fervently, although perhaps a bit more crudely, in his well-known phrase to the effect that "War is hell."

CHINTZES OLD AND NEW *for* DECORATION

A Footnote on Their History Together with Sundry Suggestions on Their Use in Boudoirs and Morning Rooms

MARY H. NORTHEND

NO one questions the value of chintzes for interior decorating. They give a distinctive note that can be filled by nothing else. Today we find them in all grades and prices, showing colors that will fit into the color scheme of any room.

Imported and Native Prints

The standard of imported fabrics—English and French—has never been questioned. Both their color schemes and their wearing durability have made them a first choice where price was no consideration. But there is a danger, now that their importation has been limited and the Government has imposed a high duty on fabrics, that when the present supply of foreign goods is exhausted there will be a decided shortage until after the war. Moreover, their manufacture in France and England has been reduced to a minimum. It is well to remember these facts when the salesman or decorator quotes a figure greatly in advance of pre-war prices. On the other hand, if your heart is set on an imported fabric and your purse permits, you may just as well pay the price. Nothing so much gives a woman peace of mind as getting exactly what she wants, irrespective of what it costs.

Later on we will speak of the decorative value of chintzes; in the meantime, it may add to their value if you know what chintz is and where it came from.

A French print of brilliant flower and fern design imposed on a gray background

An American glazed chintz of good design with yellow and black predominating

French print of a bull fight scene, red and white on a grayish background

Below is a French print of an allegorical scene worked out in red and white

Where Chintzes Came From

Where did these chintzes come from and how did they derive their name? "Chint" is a Hindoo word, meaning spotted or variegated. It was first applied to a stained or spotted calico produced in India. Changed in spelling and pronunciation, it now designates a highly glazed printed calico, commonly made in several colors on a light ground and used for hangings, furniture coverings, curtains, etc.

The use of cotton originated in Central Asia and flourished in India at a very early day. Masulipatam, a seaport of British India, the earliest English settlement on the Coronandel coast, had in former years a great reputation for its wonderful chintzes, which were remarkable for the freshness and permanency of their dyes. As early as 1611 an agency of the crown was established here, although during the wars of Carnatic the English were temporarily expelled from the town, and it was held by the French for many years. A large part of the population comprised weavers, specialists not only in weaving, but in printing, bleaching, washing, and dressing. It was a popular fabric with the peasant, while the wealthier classes used finer silks and satins.

The vogue for printed cotton from India was so great in the 17th Century that it drove the cotton operators of England to desperate measures. Withstanding the strain in later years, they carried the war into their enemies' camps so successfully that the product of the Manchester cotton mills sold in India for a much less price than the native India prints.

Chintz came into vogue during Queen Anne's time, replacing the word "Chint," derived from the Sanscrit. It meant, as did the Hindoo word, either spotted or variegated, and was applied to all gaily printed cottons in use. The artistic consciences of Europe and America were not slow in appreciating the beauty and value of these hand-printed fabrics. Today this honorable old craft has, through the edict of fashion, returned to its own, taking a prominent place in the world of interior decoration.

In the golden days when cotton printing was at its height, one artist designed a pattern and prepared the wood block required, mixing his own pigment or dyestuff and then printing the cotton himself, a long, tedious process but resulting in the wonderful fabrics shown here—works representing years of hard labor and careful perfection of each detail, not only in pattern but in coloring also.

Machine-made Chintzes

Today a great deal of this work is done by machinery, but there is no difficulty in being able to distinguish between the modern machine-made fabrics and the old-fashioned handwork, so different in weave and finish. When the fabric under investigation shows a very fine and open impression with detail broadly cut, then one is safe in assuming that it was produced by the old-fashioned hand-printed process, which gave it a distinctive tone. If, however, the printed cotton shows edging very clearly and sharply defined, we may know that the print has been made exclusively by machinery.

Some of these fabrics are very beautiful, such as the glazed chintz where yellow and black predominate bringing out the background of foliage, and illustrating baskets artistically arranged with fruit. The French pieces have a pleasing range of pattern. Some of them picture old prints, such as the realistic bull fight

with a setting of red and white flowers on a gray background. The same coloring is used in the representation of the allegorical scene. Then we find the conventional design in different lines of coloring. They show clusters of flowers worked out in stripes and groups.

Because of the daintiness of their design and coloring chintzes are eminently suitable for use in morning rooms, boudoirs and bedrooms. They should not find a place in rooms of formal character. There is an intimacy about these fabrics which requires an intimate atmosphere. Moreover, their designs are usually so amusing, if one may be permitted to use the parlance of the professional decorator; they have a vivacity of color and design and permit of a wide variety of treatments.

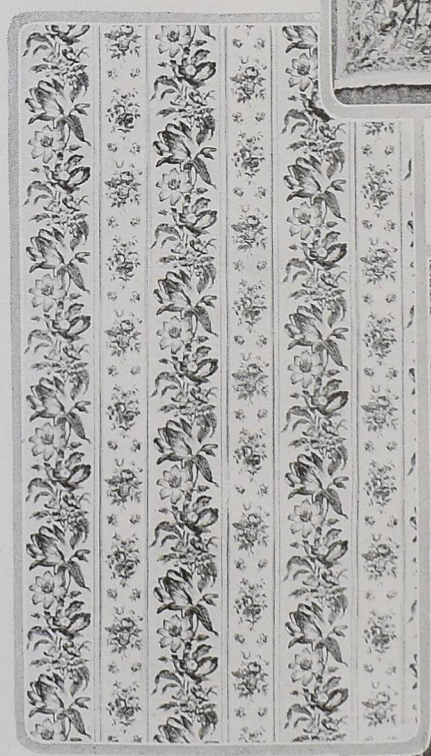
Perhaps the most interesting manner of handling chintz is to bind it with sateen or silk of a corresponding or contrasting color.

Take, for example, the allegorical print on the bottom of the opposite page. It is suitable for a morning room where easy couches, the mistress' writing desk and sewing appointments would constitute the general furnishings. The color is red on a white ground. This could be used for curtains and covers, and the draw cords and pulls of the curtains could be coral, and the seams of the furniture covers the same. A jade green vase in some part of the room would deepen the coral note.

Chintzes of these designs should be made up fairly simple because the fabrics themselves contain a great deal of color and pattern action. Simple one-tone binding and a simple treatment of valances to go with them will display the fabric itself to greater effect and prevent the hangings and covers from annoying the eye or detracting too much from the furniture ensemble. The under curtains would be net or scrim.

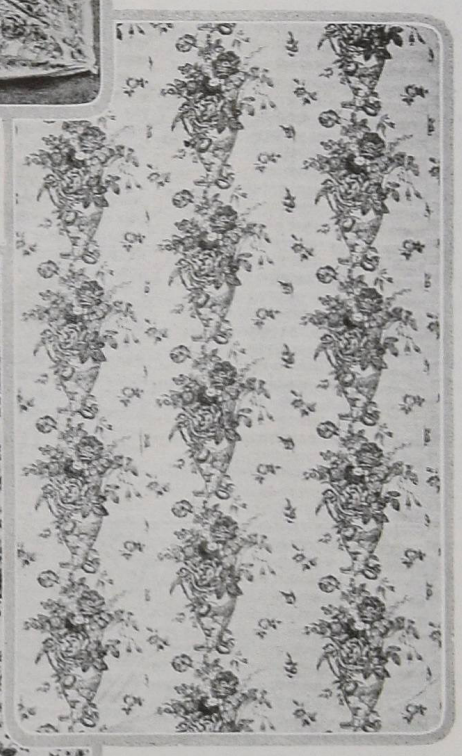
Fabrics of this character require furniture light in scale. Their daintiness calls for French pieces painted in soft tones and with rattan inserts or some of the painted American styles simple in line. If one has to put up with heavy pieces in the morning room or boudoir, their weight may be hidden by covers. Remember, apropos of this, that slip covers are not exclusively a summer device. Incidentally, they are also a good wartime treatment for furniture which is shabby but which cannot be replaced until more prosperous times return.

Late English Genoese print on cotton. Separate designs of this character make suitable wall decorations for cottage rooms



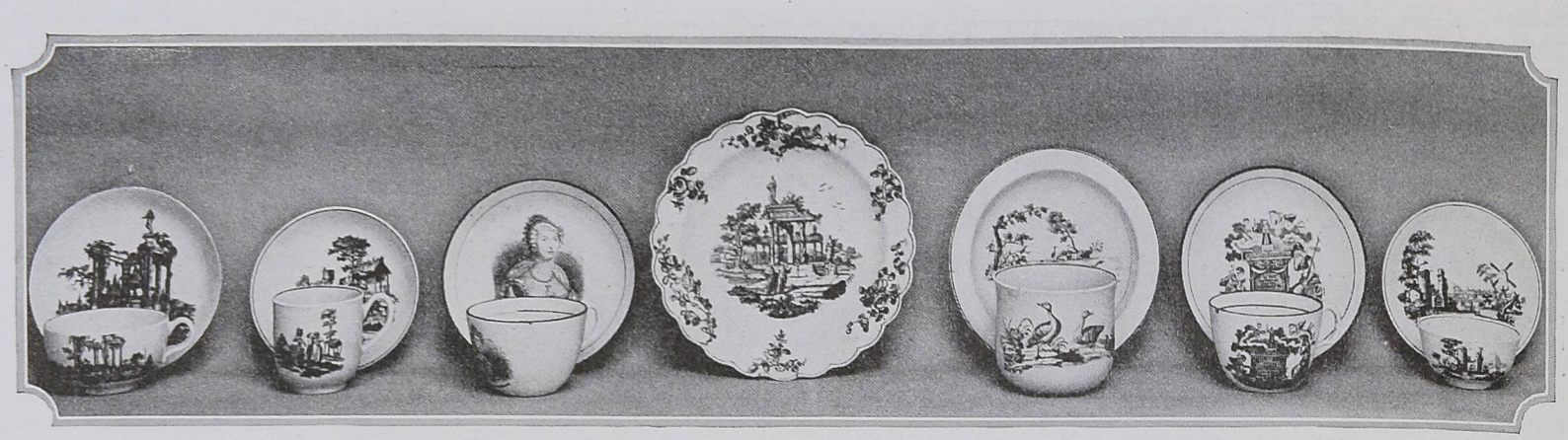
A red and white print showing floral designs arranged in narrow panels

On a cream ground are placed panels of flowers in baskets and vases



Classic vases hold floral bouquets in this French chintz with gray ground

A conventional French design of flowers in color on a cream ground



A shelf of rare transfer printed Worcester. It is seldom found with marks and hence collectors should proceed with caution. George Hancock was the masterhand at this sort of work

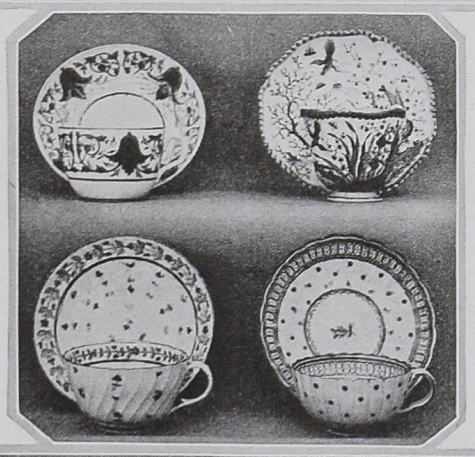
THE MAKING *and* SEEKING *of* OLD WORCESTER

If, Like Charles Lamb, You Love to Rummage in Old China-Closets, Here Is a Satisfactory Collecting Hobby

GARDNER TEALL

CHARLES LAMB once confessed "I have an almost feminine partiality for old China. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play and the first exhibition that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when China jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination."

Pierced open-ware Worcester, a style that followed the period of Dr. Wall



The cups and saucers to the left are Worcester of the middle period

I suppose the majority of us are like the gentle Elia, that smouldering in the breast of every one of us is the spark which, once kindled, will burst forth into the flame of a love for old china. With some, the glow will be gentle, stopping perhaps with a bit of delft, a Sevres saucer, or "the pickle dish my great-great-grandmother had on her table the day Thomas Jefferson dined at her home." With others the fire of enthusiasm will heat the kiln of the desire to collect—and to keep on collecting old china, until it becomes the passion of the soul. Then there are the "between extremes". Wasn't it Pope who said "Old China is below nobody's taste, since it has been the Duke of Argyle's, whose understanding has never been doubted, either by his friends or his enemies,"—I am not sure; however, we do not have to follow the Argyles; the same intuition is as apt to be our own. Unlike Oliver, old china tickles the universal palate without any strenuous cultivation of the taste for it.

Old Worcester is not to be forgotten by those others of us who, like Charles Lamb, love to rummage in old china-closets, even if only visually. You will not come across it at every turning and you may not come across it at all.

I had vainly searched the antique shops of a certain Eastern city for a bit of old Wor-

Old Worcester in the "Japan taste" which followed the blue and white pieces of the Dr. Wall period. It was a popular form of decoration made by Flight

Another shelf of old transfer printed Worcester

Further examples of the "Japan taste" in decoration

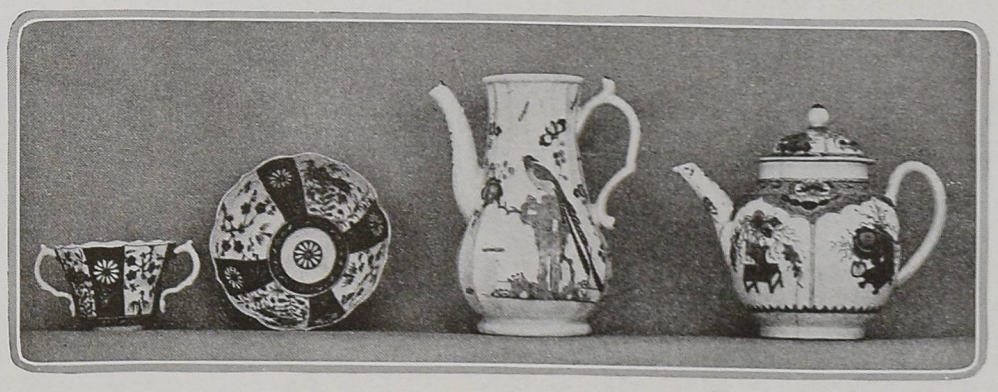
cester. It was not to be found. Months after I bought a rare plate of early Worcester fabrique in a second-hand store in a village up the Hudson. I suppose the right way to be prepared to collect anything is not only to have one's eyes open but to know the things seen when one sees them, which is of course to discover them. Anyone may find a thing, but the joys of *discovery* are reserved for the initiate.

The approximate date for the English wares of Worcester place the beginnings about 1751. It is a soft glaze porcelain, as is Chelsea, Bow and Derby, in contradistinction to the hard glaze porcelain of Bristol, Liverpool and Plymouth, hard glazes that are cold to the touch while the soft glazes of Worcester have a somewhat velvety feel and may readily be scratched with a steel point or knife blade. Worcester porcelain was not begun as early as that of Chelsea or of Derby, or of Bow, but its fame has come to be greater. The Worcester Porcelain Company of 1751 sought to imitate the blue and white hard paste Chinese porcelains. There were several sorts of the early ware with a fritty body superior to the commoner product of the manufactory. A greenish hue is one of the characteristics of the frit paste. As Sir James Yoxall says, the Worcester of this early period was "the best simulacrum of blue and white 'Oriental' ever produced." Certain it is that the famous Dr. Wall, proprietor of the Worcester works from 1751-1757, set about to compete with the Chinese wares and succeeded admirably in the venture.

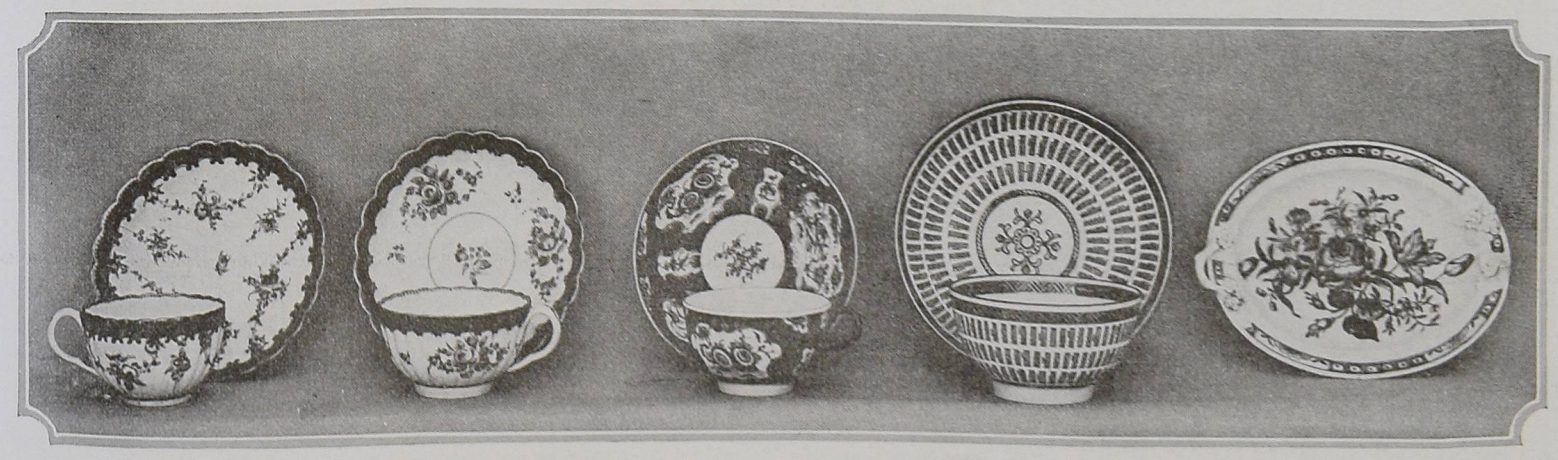
Some years ago the late R. W. Binns, a noted British authority on keramics, founded the museum in Worcester and there has been gathered the finest extant collection of this old porcelain. It is rich in examples of the Dr. Wall period

Covered jar and bottle of old blue and white Worcester

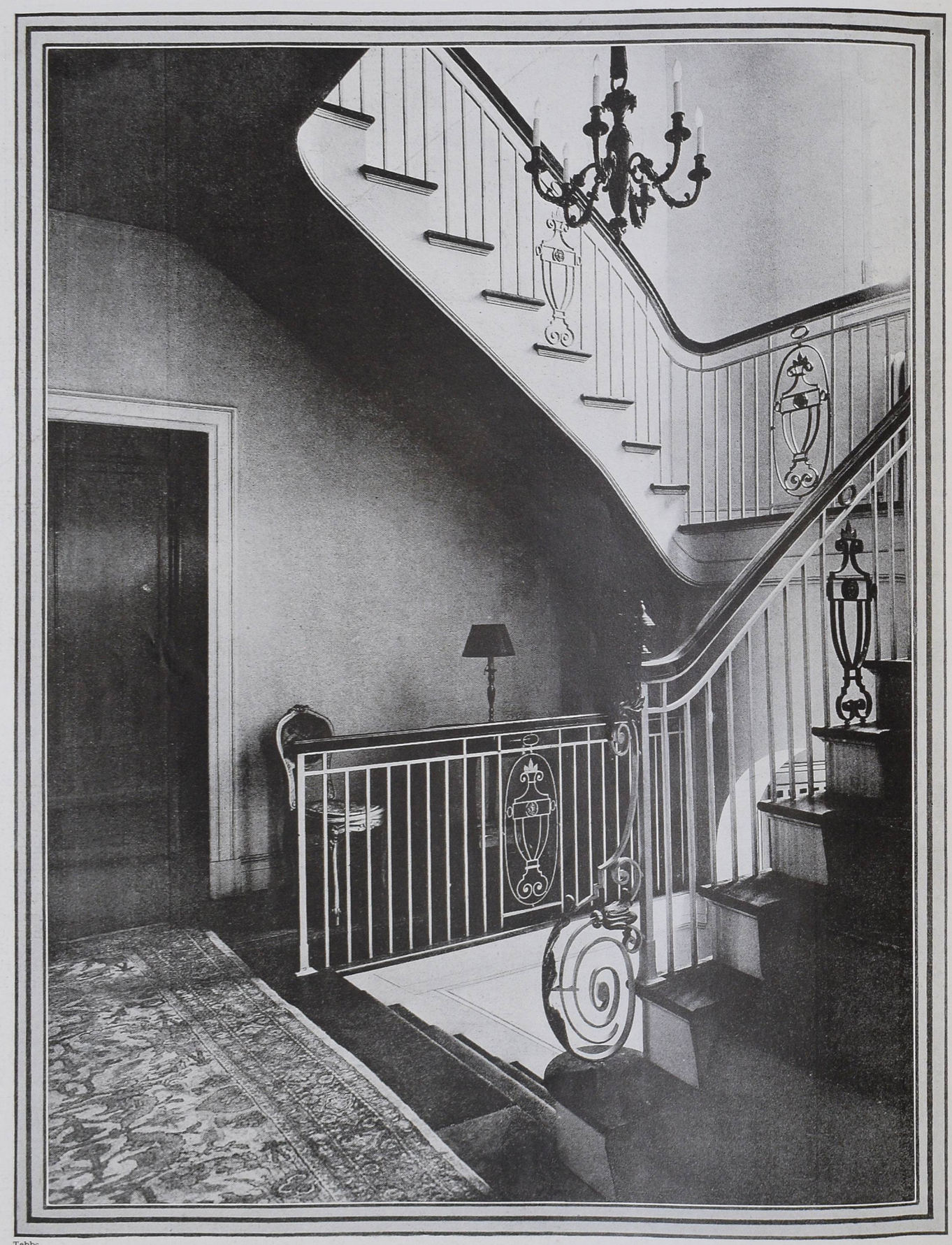
Covered dish and tray of old Worcester of the Flight period



Cup, bowl, chocolate pot and tea pot in Worcester of the Japanese decoration period



Still more evidences of the "Japan taste" are found in this group with its designs of Oriental origin adapted to English keramic forms, a style popular in its day and greatly sought after by collectors



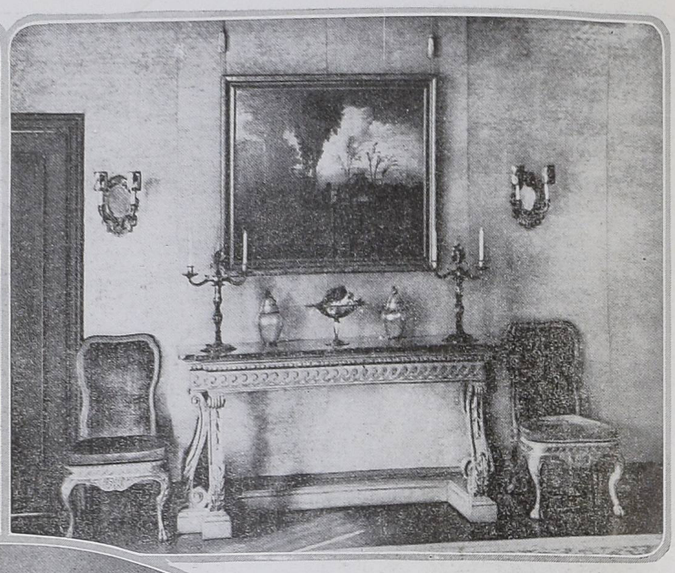
Tebbs

A LITTLE PORTFOLIO *of* GOOD INTERIORS

No medium for contrasts in an interior is so successful as wrought iron. It requires a fairly plain background because its beauty lies in silhouette. An example of this is found in the residence of Frank and Joseph Leyendecker at New Rochelle, N. Y. The stair balusters are of square wrought iron rods relieved at regular intervals with formal inserts and a floriated newel. The rods are painted white and the newel polychrome. A mahogany hand rail tops the rods

Italian in feeling is the living room in the T. F. Crowley residence at Greenwich, Conn. An especially good furniture grouping adds to the charm of the fireplace end. J. C. Green, architect

Wood paneling to the ceiling is a feature of the Leyendecker living room. Richness and color are augmented by the tapestry covered settee and well hung paintings. Louis R. Metcalfe, architect

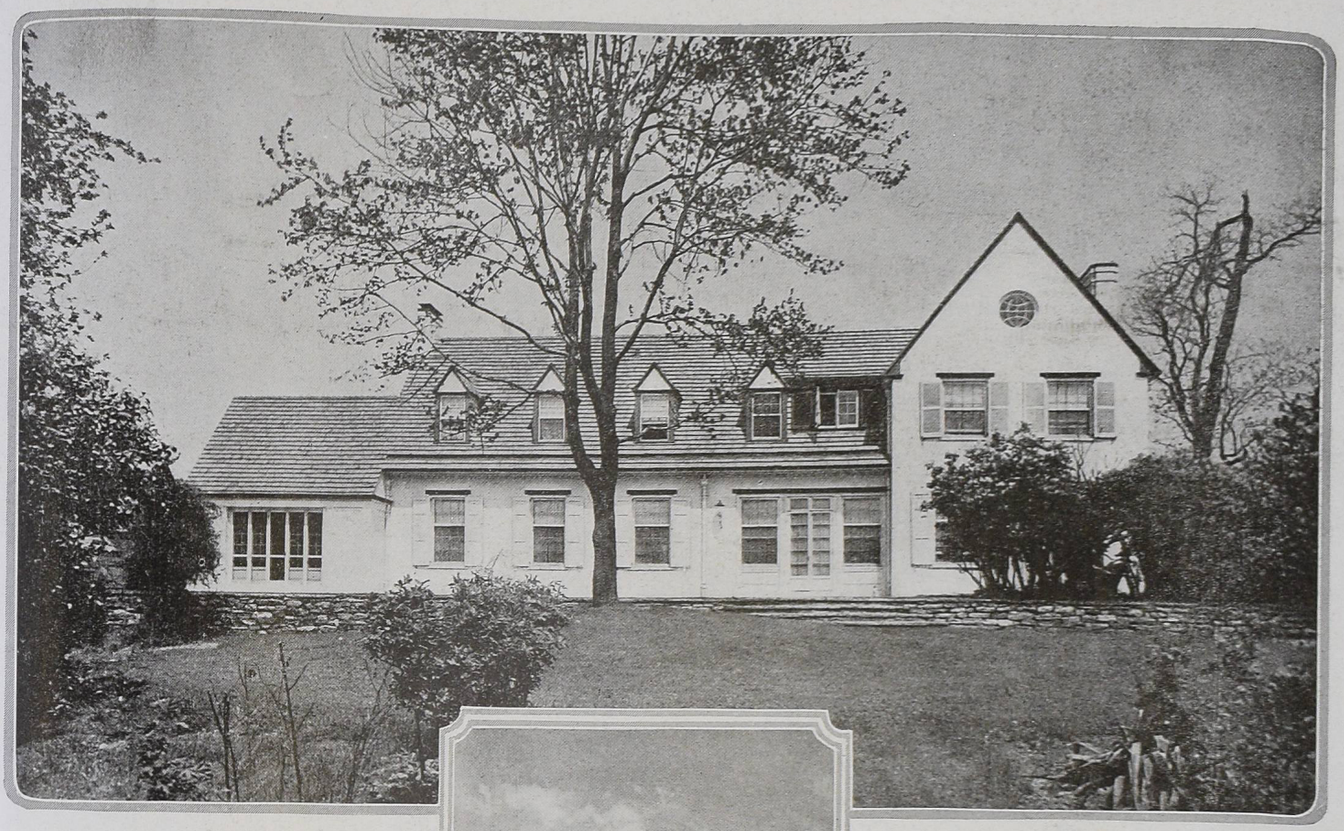


Old gold walls with dull blue draperies and chair covers give a mellow tone. The chairs and table are walnut. Fakes - Bisbee, decorators

The commode is a 17th Century English adaptation, painted dark blue with the carving brought out in antiqued gold. Black and yellow marble top

Tebbs

The Leyendecker brothers have gathered into the high-ceilinged studio of their residence at New Rochelle, N. Y., a variety of period and oriental pieces which the dull yellow of the walls brings strongly into prominence. As in every well regulated studio, particular attention has been given to the lighting. Louis R. Metcalfe, architect



The garden elevation is simple, quaint and yet dignified—an unusual combination. A semi-formal stone terrace successfully ties the house and grounds. The style was inspired by the early Virginian Colonial

THE RESIDENCE OF W. T. GRANT, Esq.

PELHAM, NEW YORK

Howard Major, Architect

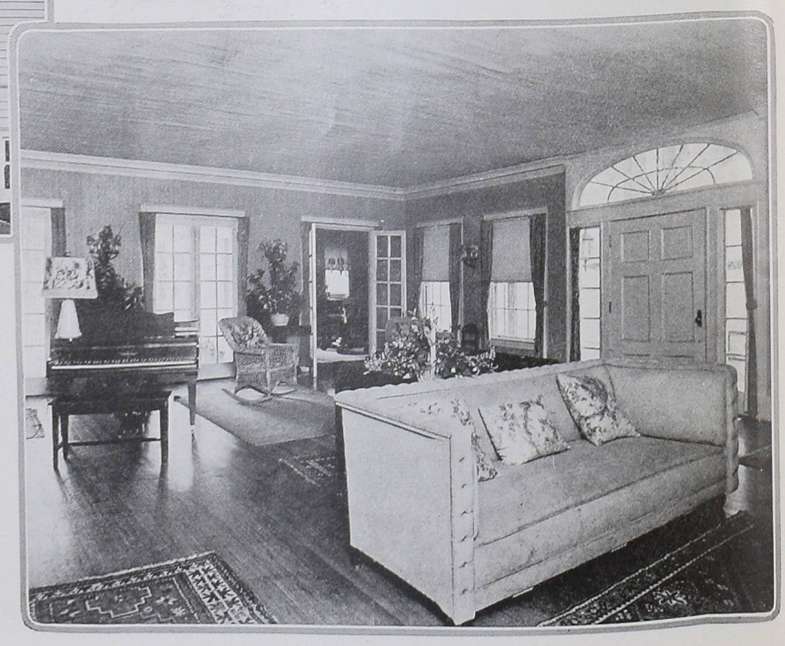
The enclosed porch is light and airy and set in a wing of its own. At the end of the wall in the distance is a service yard to which will be attached the garage, to balance the porch gable

A simple entrance is formed by an extension of the roof between the gables. A variety of window types with stained wood lintels gives interest to the façade

"Forest Hall" stands in a grove of towering firs, the replica of an old Alabama mansion transplanted to the northwest. From the windows one commands a view of the mighty Columbia River, two hundred feet below. The house is clapboard with green blinds

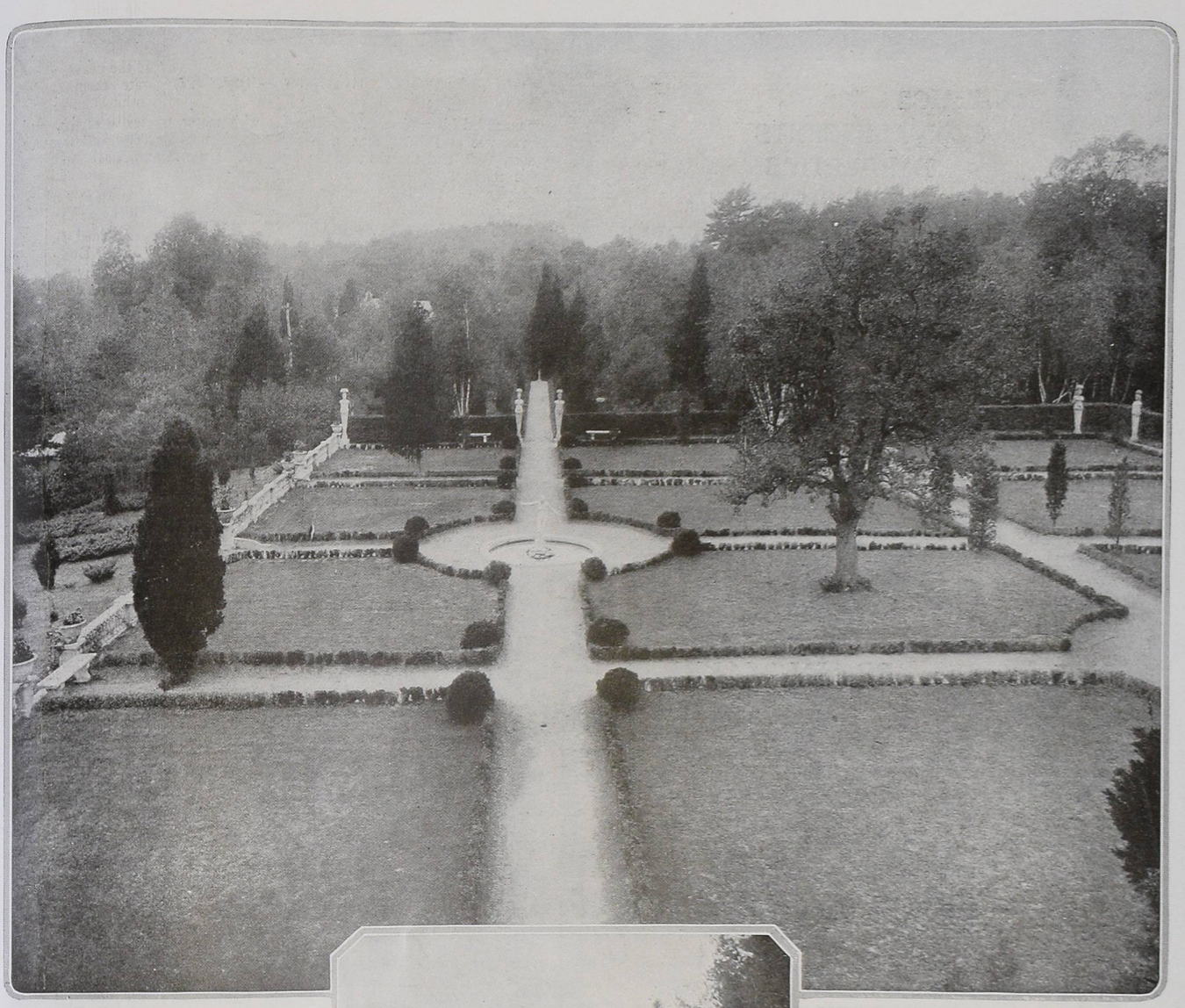
The bricked court is surrounded by an ornate, delicate lattice with pergola roof beams. It is built around a huge fir whose branches shade the spot. This addition gives color to the severely Colonial lines of the rest of the house

The entrance opens on a spacious living room. At one end is a white stone fireplace in the Adam style. Wide French doors give access to the other rooms and to a bricked court. This court balances the service entrance at the opposite end



THE RESIDENCE OF STANFIELD N. ARNOLD, Esq.

BRIDAL VEIL, OREGON



Northend

The vista's purpose is to lead the eye into the distance. Here on the estate of Harrisson Bennett, Esq., at Weston, Mass., this effect is achieved by the straight line and contrasting color of the central walk

VISTAS IN THE GARDEN

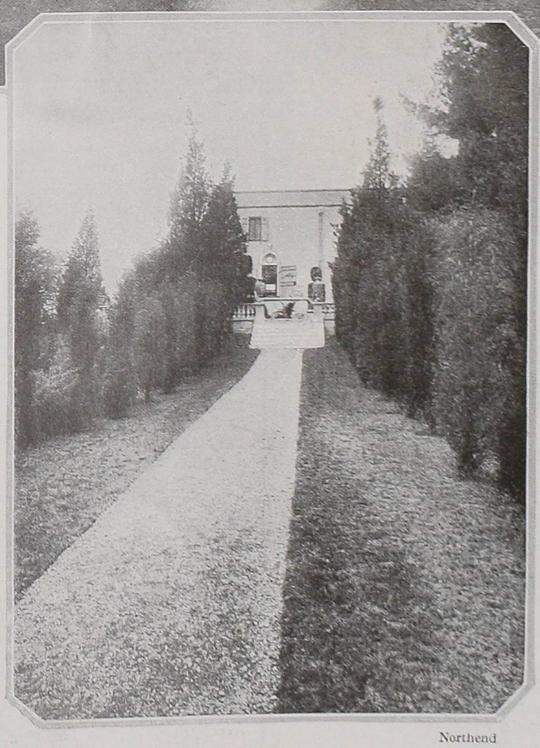
ROBERT ELWOOD

THE primary purpose of a path is to lead one somewhere. Thus was it in the beginning, is now, and, so far as one can foresee, will indefinitely remain.

Yes, a path must go somewhere, if its existence is to be justified. It should possess a destination not only in the physical sense, but in the mental as well. In other words, the ideal path carries one's eyes as well as feet from here to there. It is a vista, more or less pronounced according as it is straight or winding.

This vista quality is one of the chief assets of an attractive path, for vistas in the garden there must be. Without them we feel confined, shut in by too near boundaries of flower, shrub and tree. Our imaginations, together with our eyes, have too little to feed upon where there is no guiding sense of distance.

A vista need by no means be as ambitious as the two examples shown on this page. It may be no more than a glimpse between two flowering shrubs to a garden seat a dozen yards away; or a bit of distant mountain seen through a gap in the boundary hedge. Yet it must always be justified—generally by the existence at its far end of some object which serves as a definite goal for the eye.



Northend

Creating a successful vista is a matter of real study. Keep in mind that the object is to draw one's attention directly to some goal more or less distant

Rules for planning vistas can be no more than suggestive, as the conditions and possibilities of different places are rarely identical. Keep in mind the general principle—that a vista is a more or less narrowed glimpse into the distance, gaining its effect through the contrast of near and far objects.

Two mediums may be utilized in framing the sides of the vista, for distinct sides there should be in the majority of cases. The first is architectural in character, exemplified by the pergola, the gateway in wall or fence, the pillars of the covered terrace. The second, and by far the more generally available, is the planting of trees and shrubs. Here lie the biggest possibilities, the best chance to attain success with the minimum of labor and expense. Growing things are Nature's frame, ready to your hand.

Work for perspective in the plan of your garden or grounds. If there is even an indefinable feeling of undue restriction, of overcrowding, look about for vista possibilities. It is not all of landscape planting to plant; more frequently than most of us realize the solution of our difficulties on the road to garden perfection lies in elimination rather than addition.

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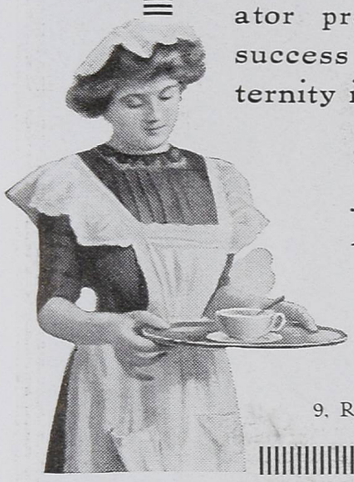

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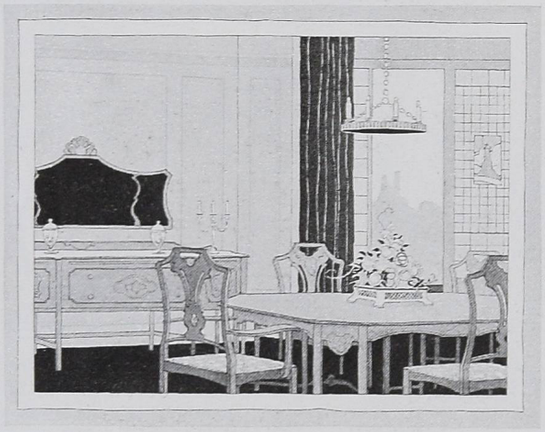

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BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

The WAR RELIEF *with* NO RED TAPE

(*Continued from page 59*)

recommended his readers. Mrs. Nina L. Duryea was at Dinard, France, in September, 1914, and the sight of the first tragic refugees of the war stirred her to a pity which found expression in a letter written to the editor of "Life," and printed in that magazine on October 15, 1914. This sincere and poignant appeal was afterwards republished in thousands of papers all over the world.

Mrs. Duryea's appeal met with an astonishing response, and on each ship for several months over fifty per cent. of everything sent to France was sent to Mrs. Duryea and the banker at Dinard. This was the beginning of the Duryea War Relief, and when later the relief work became so important as to need a definite name, the committee formed at that time decided to keep the name which had become familiar to thousands of people to whom the mere title of an organization would have meant little.

"NO RED TAPE"

The slogan of the Duryea War Relief is "No Red Tape." Not a penny has ever been spent for rent in either Dinard, Paris, or New York, or for transportation from the United States to Paris, nor have there ever been any expense in the Vosges and Somme districts, back of the battle lines, where French depots have been opened for distribution of supplies. The only expenses of the Paris office are ten dollars a week for a stenographer.

Where the depot of distribution is situated, at 11 Rue Louis Le Grand, Paris, a large volunteer staff carries on an efficient distribution along simple lines, and, to date, over one hundred and four thousand persons have received aid. In addition, many tons of food, hospital supplies and household and garden utensils have been sent to Roumanian and Montenegrin prisoners in Austria, to Allied prisoners in Germany, and to Russia and Salonica, and this has been done since 1914 on the average running expense of about four dollars a day; a unique attainment which adds greatly to the popularity of the Duryea War Relief.

The Duryea War Relief has opened an auxiliary depot in Paris for the free distribution of milk under Mrs. Shearson's direction, and, since the beginning of its work, has distributed hundreds of these cans of milk and many tons of food throughout France, and this work grew to such large proportions that an independent branch became necessary.

Beside the ordinary condensed milk which is still being sent, a new and improved product of powdered milk is being shipped. From this milk only the water has been extracted, with no sugar or preservatives added. In powdered form this costs but twenty-eight cents a pound, and when water is added in France a quart of fresh milk from which even butter can be made, will cost but seven and one-half cents a quart. This is to be given to consumptives, hungry babies, and desperately wounded men who literally would die for want of nourishment without this pure free milk.

The city of Buffalo is sending a unit, equipped and maintained at its own expense, as a branch of the Duryea War Relief. The chairman of this War Relief Unit is Mrs. Edward Frisbee who, before her marriage, was Lady Grace MacKenzie, of the Seaforth MacKenzies, of Edinburgh, and who is well known as a traveler, explorer, and huntress in Central Africa. This unit will be equipped with motor kitchens and motor drays for the distribution of supplies, and it is hoped that other cities will follow the example of Buffalo and take the Duryea short cut to the devastated regions of France.

The Duryea War Relief has just sent its third farming unit to France, equipped with motor tractor, ploughs, and trailers, manned by a staff of volunteer workers. These farming units take seeds and garden tools to the inhabitants of the restored districts; they plough and sow the fields and give the peasants tools with which to cultivate them. They also take food and clothing, for these people, broken down in health as a result of their terrible experience, and half starved, often lack the physical strength to till the soil.

A year ago the French Government gave over to this organization for relief work, seventeen ruined villages in the Somme district. Mrs. Duryea and the members of her staff lived in a house among ruins at Roye, where now the Germans have caused a second and greater desolation. The pitiful inhabitants who had not tasted milk or sugar for two and a half years and who lived in the remnants of bomb-proof cellars were personally visited and supplied with all the necessities of life, save houses. These were not reconstructed, because just such a disaster was feared as that which occurred when the Hun again swept across that district. Mrs. Duryea has sailed again—within the last few weeks—to visit these villages, now released by the recent Allied drive. She will go directly to the districts just back of the front lines, and cases of need will be brought to her personal attention.

Here is an extract from one of Mrs. Duryea's letters, written from Roye:

"Please, I beg of you, send us anything, old or new, which it is possible to use for any human necessity. Beg your friends to give and pity as they have never done before, for our battlefield is here.

A DEPOT AT ROYE

"The food and clothing have gone to Roye where we are opening a branch depot. My first trip of inspection up there I slept on the floor under a roof where the dawn woke us, but a house is being patched up now and made tidy. Roye is just back of the battle-line, and the guns roar day and night. This is the most recently evacuated district, and not a woman between sixteen and forty but was taken away into white slavery by the Huns. No men, of course, remain. We gave our great Moline Plowing Tractor to the Commune, so it will go from place to place with its American flag to show these piteous people that America stands by in a practical, as well as heroic sense. We have clothed over twelve thousand people so far, and given out over one hundred and seventy-seven thousand articles. The refugees who fill the outer court each afternoon would wring your heart. One detects a difference even in these last months. They are oddly silent, and are slow to respond, even to sympathy. They just look at you with a sort of dumb, patient, dazed misery which is eloquent of terrors survived, but not forgotten. The immensity of this tragedy is beyond description. One winces in realizing how utterly impossible it is to make you, over there, understand. The whole world seems to be coughing. The consumptives are beyond computing. Such dear boys, armless, legless, or blind, hobble here for help, coughing their lives away. We live in a breathless hurry, trying to catch up with whatever swamps us. We never get through and never do or accomplish what has to be done."

Why don't you pack a box to-day, or send a cheque to the Duryea War Relief? It is one of the few organizations able to send to France warm used clothing. It also has no rules as to knitted garments; anything wearable is welcomed by that organization, and whatever is sent to 9 East 30th Street, New York City, will be forwarded quickly.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 68*)

this four-act comedy, many children are trotted forth before the footlights and the audience is invited to applaud the golden thought that no apartment is complete until it has been made to echo with the pitter-pattering of tiny feet. Each of the assembled members of the rah-rahing class of 1903 is required to surrender, sooner or later, to the sentiment of vicarious paternity. The audience is asked to sentimentalize about that gentle touch of childish hands which is decreed to soften the hardest heart of the most resolute bachelor; and, when the various stage-children are paraded before the footlights, the public is invited to slobber over them and pat them on the head.

Many of us, in front, have children of our own; and, in these troubled days, it seems rather cheap to deliver sentimental trash about the vicarious emotion of paternity, while some of us, who listen to this twaddle, are still torn by the inevitable conflict between our natural desire to rush to France and our sterner duty to remain at home for the purpose of supporting those little sons of ours that we never slobber over nor even mention except in answer to a manifest requirement. Stage children may be little dears, and all that sort of thing—as our sterner British cousins might be conceived as saying; but, after Mr. Hoover has warned us about the need for conserving sugar, it is clearly desirable for our public to resist an invitation to wallow naked in saccharine and sentimental slush.

"PENROD"

"Penrod," also, is a play that deals with children; but it enjoys the great advantage that comes from sprinkling the salt of satire upon their flitting tails, instead of attempting to tell the theatre-going public how wonderful it is to be a father. Those of us who happen to have children at home are most interested in them in their aspect as strangers with whom it is particularly difficult to become acquainted. When we are asked, across the footlights, to take the little dears into our arms and slobber over them, we of course become offended, and run away from home, and ask the bartenders to set up another round for everybody in the house. In this respect, such a play as "Daddies" must be regarded as exceedingly immoral, but such a play as "Penrod" should be written down as morally retributive, since it has been calculated cleverly to send a host of fathers back happily to their established homes.

"Penrod" exploits and satirizes the perversity of the psychology of childhood and carries with it a sure antidote against the tendency to sentimentalize about the pitter-pattering of little feet. This play has been fabricated by an experienced practioner, Edward E. Rose, from a series of short stories by Booth Tarkington, who knows a thing or two about life and is habituated to regard the panorama of experience without a patch on either of his eyes.

Considered from the outset to the end, "Penrod" can hardly be accepted as a good play. No good play has ever yet resulted from the process of dramatizing a series of short stories. The first act is vacuous and dull; the piece does not begin to march until the middle of the evening; but the last of the four acts is neatly compacted and displays a mastery of theatrical expedient which is undeniable and irresistible.

The hero of this play is a little boy, eleven years of age. Booth Tarkington, who never slobbers over children, has drawn him naturally as a sort of Bolshevik who conceives himself to be the leader of a reasonable revolt against organized society. The scenario of the play was planned by Mr. Rose; but the meticulous ear of Mr. Tarkington may be recognized in the foot-fall of many of the lines. Here is a piece which recognizes children as they really are and does not appeal to us to perspire sentimental tears at the very thought that feet are smaller at the age of ten than at the age of twenty.

Mr. Rose's play details the adventures of Penrod Schofield (aged eleven) after he has organized a "detectative" agency and assigned his pals to the task of "shadowing" the movements of a suspected newcomer to his town,—the sleek and oily Herbert Hamilton Dade. The way in which he traps this veritable malefactor, quite unconsciously, while piling up occasions for a memorable spanking of his little person affords the necessary material for the spirited last act.

Mr. Tarkington is a graduated student of the psychology of childhood; and the children who have been selected by his manager, Mr. George C. Tyler, to deliver his message over the footlights are more than adequate to the occasion. The part of Penrod is beautifully acted by Andrew Lawlor, a little boy of genius; and his pals in the "detectative" agency are played consummately by Richard Ross, Thomas McCann, and Charles Whitfield.

"DOUBLE EXPOSURE"

The scope of modern farce was perfectly defined by Sir Arthur Pinero, when he stated—so long ago as 1885—that this type of drama should endeavour to exhibit "possible people doing improbable things." The action of a farce is necessarily incredible; but the characterization should be sufficiently convincing to make the customers believe in the project so long as they are present in the theatre. If they disbelieve this project later, when they have gone home and have had time to think it over, this ultimate reaction is merely a matter of secondary consequence.

The more preposterous the project of a farce may be, the more necessary is it to make this project credible—at least for the moment—to the assembled audience. To state the same axiom more simply,—people will not laugh at a farce until they have been persuaded to accept it as a record of actuality. This principle was drilled into the mind of the present commentator, several years ago, by an artist of the theatre no less eminent than George M. Cohan; and Mr. Cohan's theory is absolutely sound.

"Double Exposure" was cleverly planned and nicely written by Avery Hopwood, who is one of the few playwrights in America that deserve to be regarded, by reason of their past performances, as veritable artists. The piece was carefully cast, and was skilfully directed by Edgar Selwyn. Yet it failed immediately in New York; and the reason for this failure will become, in retrospect, more interesting than a record of the piece itself.

In the first act, we were introduced to two married couples, all four of whose members were afflicted with a sneaking and subsidiary feeling that they might have been more happy if the cards of matrimony had been differently dealt. A Hindu Yogi wanders, at this point, into the plot, and, by exercising his hypnotic skill, transfers the spirit of one husband into the body of the other, and vice versa. After this exchange of personalities, the two husbands decide—in keeping with a natural expectancy—that they will be better satisfied at home than by wandering afield. This formula was very promising; and Mr. Hopwood was amply justified in applying his fine talents to the completion of the project.

But the play "died"—as we have learned to say in the particular vernacular that is current in the region of Broadway—before the farce had fairly entered its second act. The audience never believed, for a moment, in the mystic exchange of

(*Continued on page 88*)

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3021 G Bar Pin, Sterling Silver, Safety Catch, beautifully reproduced, set with *Fishson* Crystals

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 87*)

personalities between the two hypnotized husbands. These parts were assigned to a couple of very clever actors,—John Cumberland and John Westley; but these two comedians were so very different in looks, in manner, and in personality, that both of them failed lamentably in the necessary task of delivering imitations of each other. The effect of the farce might easily have been improved if these parts had been assigned to a pair of very clever mimics, who might have entertained the audience by a quick exchange of personalities that would have seemed—at least for the moment—sufficiently baffling to afford occasion for momentary wonderment.

"WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR"

"Watch Your Neighbor," by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens, is by far the most entertaining of the host of early season war-plays. It is no less preposterous in plot than any other of the many current pieces that deal with the activities of German spies; but it makes a virtue of this very weakness, because the authors have been clever enough to assure the audience—with many gracefully apologetic smiles—that they are fully aware of the fact that their story is incredible. Both authors appear before the public as actors in the cast of characters; and the leading rôle is played by Mr. Gordon. This young Englishman—who has already done his bit with the British army and has been honourably invalided out of active service—is an excellent actor; and, on the occasion of his very first appearance in New York, he registered an emphatic hit, not only as a performer but also as a playwright.

The piece repeats the primary project of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," by presenting as its hero a clever agent of the British Intelligence Department who accomplishes his important purpose by persuading everybody that he is an inconsiderable "silly ass." The audience is never adequately told why it should be necessary for this clever Captain Bennett, in the first act, to persuade not only his inferiors but also his superiors in the Intelligence Department that he is hopelessly incompetent to handle the heavy task that has been entrusted to him; but after Captain Bennett has gone to Switzerland to circumvent a contemplated "peace-offensive," undertaken by a dangerous gang of German agents, the melodrama moves both quickly and logically. The action is exciting and continuous; it never flags nor falters; and, though many of the incidents are preposterous, they are carried easily to momentary credence by the ever-ready smile of Mr. Gordon. A war play which emphasizes the evasive and yet poignant humour of the British in reference to the gigantic task that has been imposed upon them by events of recent history is a thing to be applauded honestly.

"THE WOMAN ON THE INDEX"

"The Woman on the Index," by Lillian Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst, is a fairly sturdy melodrama of a type that has long been regarded as old-fashioned. In the prologue—which is dated 1903—the heroine is revealed as the innocent wife of a notorious thief. When the body of this thief is discovered dead in bed, shortly after he has effected a gigantic robbery, the heroine is suspected, though unjustly, to have murdered him. The only reason why she is not arrested is that a detective, by the name of Captain Allen, deliberately allows her to make a "get-away" because he knows her to be innocent.

After a lapse of fifteen years, we meet the heroine again. Meanwhile, she has changed her name, married well, and become a member of the leading set in the social circles of Washington. Allen has now risen to a dominant position in the Intelligence Department of the federal government; and, by reason of the fact that he still "has something on her," he is able to force the heroine—much against her inclination—to aid him in his current scheme to entrap a dangerous Turkish spy.

The heroine unwillingly accepts this difficult assignment; and all the woe that is subsequently piled up in the melodrama is based upon the assumption that she can not tell her husband that she is acting as a secret agent of the Intelligence Department. Her husband is soon appointed by the authors to become the successor of Mr. Page as the American ambassador to the Court of St. James's,—a locality which the actors persist to speak of as the Court of St. James. (The little matter of an added apostrophe has not yet percolated into the ear of Mr. Broadhurst.) But if the wife of the highest ranking member of our diplomatic department can not tell her husband that she is acting as an American spy, our American secret service must be regarded, without question, as the most secretive in the world.

"SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE"

"Someone in the House," like "The Woman on the Index," may be written off the current record as a manifest anachronism. This theatrical concoction, by Larry Evans, Walter Percival, and George S. Kaufman, is by no means less ingenious than many other melodramas which were successfully delivered to the public in the high and far-off days when such heroes as Raffles and Arsène Lupin were in their prime. But the theatre-going public has been tired out, by this time, with repeated exploitations of that inherently fictitious figure which is known before the footlights as the "gentleman-thief."

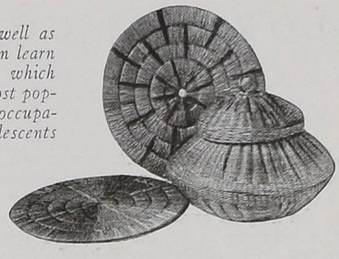
"Someone in the House" begins as a melodrama and ends up as a satiric comedy. We are first made acquainted with the sinister hero in the dimly lighted back-room of a questionable pawn shop that appears to be located in the region of the Bowery. In the second act, this dangerous character turns up as the leading actor in a piece to be performed for charity at the country home of a rich resident of Westchester County, named J. Percyval Glendenning. It is the intention of the slithery hero to steal a famous diamond necklace which is to be employed as a "property" in the forthcoming production. He accomplishes his criminal purpose, not only by outwitting the local constable and his assistants but also by over-powering a couple of trained detectives sent up from the metropolis to guard the jewels; but, after he has made his "get-away," he has the heart to return the stolen gems, through the medium of a mysterious expedient, to a lovely young lady, included in the congregated cast of characters, to whom he has previously made complete surrender of his personal affections.

This play has been written with a light heart; and many of the comedy lines composed by Mr. Kaufman are unquestionably clever. The performance also, is distinguished by the fine art of such excellent actors as Lynn Fontanne, Hassard Short, Robert Hudson, William B. Mack, John Blair, Rex McDougal, and Dudley Digges. But it is scarcely possible for the public to resist a besieging impression that they have already seen the same play many times in the past.

"MR. BARNUM"

"Mr. Barnum" was written by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, for the obvious purpose of affording Mr. Wise a

(*Continued on page 92*)



The blind, as well as the disabled, can learn basket-making, which is one of the most popular bedside occupations for convalescents

THE GLORIOUS COMPANY

(*Continued from page 61*)

enlightened attitude toward the disabled will result. One of the advantages for the men is that very often the training provided will reveal talents never suspected by the man himself, and the result will be that the disabled soldier or sailor will be able to recover his self-respect and happiness and be of use to himself and the community. He will then be, as Gelett Burgess wrote, in "Carry On," the magazine published by the Red Cross and concerned entirely with the rehabilitation of the disabled and crippled, "not a victim, but a victor."

Meantime, we all want to know if there is anything we can do to help. One thing that we all can do is to encourage a sensible attitude toward the cripple. The children of England — and certainly no race has ever had higher physical standards than the English—are being taught to think that the strongest right arm that ever bowled a cricket ball isn't quite so fine as the dangling coat sleeve that is balanced by a D. S. O. ribbon, and that Uncle Dick, who used to dash about on the polo field in such splendid style, is an even finer and more thrilling figure now that he is swinging along on crutches. And Uncle Dick, whatever he may feel and think, is far too good a sport not to "carry on" as before.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE PUBLIC

It seems insultingly obvious to urge intelligent people to show men who have been disabled in battle that they have earned the respect and consideration of the public. But there are always certain people who "don't like to see anything unpleasant," who "never allow themselves to think of depressing things like suffering," who keep their minds done up in cotton wool. Such people would doubtless be horrified at the idea of employing a cripple in their households; their valuable patronage would certainly be withdrawn from those shops which employed crippled clerks—as the Bon Marché, the Galéries Lafayette, and all the best Paris shops are doing; they would avoid so unpleasant an experience as having the door of their motor opened by a one-armed doorman. It is undeniably unpleasant to see a man with one leg; it was still more unpleasant for that man when, after long weeks in the trenches, he went over the top and "stopped" a piece of shrapnel, and lay out in No Man's Land under fire two days and nights without water or food, waiting for the stretcher bearers to carry him back to "Casualty Clearing." It was unpleasant for him when he came out of ether and realized that he could never walk on two good legs again; the long months at a base hospital were not exactly pleasant. Whose feelings should be considered now—his or those of the women who would "rather not know about the unpleasant things"? Human nature is pretty poor stuff sometimes, but it is safe to prophecy that the shops which employ war cripples will be the ones which have already established a reputation for an enlightened policy; and that on some of the most beautiful estates of this country, crippled gardeners and house-servants will be given the preference over men who are not disabled.

But for the women who can give all their time to work for the disabled, an opportunity to be of real service is offered by the war service classes for reconstruction training in occupational therapy at military hospitals. Obviously the time to give a man courage to face his future is when he first begins to think about it. This is long before he is ready or able to consider training for a definite job. By arousing his interest at the earliest possible moment through some form of occupation, he once more gets a grip on life. Any one who has ever spent any time in a hospital, or has recovered at home from a serious illness, knows the intolerable ennui of convalescence; and this is increased a hundred fold, of course, by a realization that after recovery the physical handicap will still remain.

WAR SERVICE CLASSES

It has been said that ward occupation work is one of the best things that has come into modern medicine and surgery. The course in training offered by these War Service Classes prepare women to teach occupational therapy in military hospitals. Among the crafts taught are weaving, modelling, toy-making, wood-carving, basketry, block printing, simple metal work, simple book-binding, and various kinds of hand-work including netting and knotting. On the completion of their training, students will be asked to fill out the Government application form, and they may then state whether they wish foreign service or service in the United States only.

While they are in training in New York, the students will have practice in teaching at the Rockefeller War Demonstration Hospital, the New York Orthopædic Hospital, the Neurological Hospital, and the Presbyterian Hospital. In all these hospitals the War Service students have done pioneer work, and the experiments, especially at the Orthopædic hospital, were most successful. The children's cases were delightfully responsive. It was touching and gratifying for the women who worked there to see the children lying there at first with nothing to do,—and then again a few weeks later to find them forgetting everything in the happiness of a bedside occupation.

One little girl, who was in a plaster cast and was also blind, was utterly delighted to find that she could learn to make baskets. A wounded soldier, forced to lie absolutely still for weeks, was being taught to make a tapestry bag and in a hilarious moment stuck it on his own head. No more bags for him—he insisted on being given some khaki wool and spent the rest of his time in bed weaving trench caps for the boys.

"I shall wear one of these myself when I go back to the front," was his cheerful comment.

A young engineer in one of the hospitals in France was such a wreck nervously that he had to be tied down on his bed. The first thing that he would notice, or to which he would give any recognition, was a tray of materials for bedside occupations which was wheeled to his bed. A teacher managed to in-

(*Continued on page 90*)

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Coat of Black Silk Velour, Black Opossum collar and cuffs $67.50

Tailored Serge Dresses in 3 models in Navy and Black $16.95 to 29.75

Wool Jersey Walking Frocks in street colors, $29.75 and 39.75

Skirts of Wool Plaid and Jersey, in plain Tailored and Plaited models $18.00 and 21.00

Blouse, Georgette, elaborately Embroidered and lined; Colors: Navy, Black, Copen, Taupe, Wisteria $10.75

Blouse of Flesh and White Georgette Crepe $6.75

Blouse of Crepe de Chine, Regimental Striped Silk and Striped Flannel $5.75

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(*Continued from page 89*)

terest him, first in simple knotting and from that in other handicrafts. In two weeks he was back at the front, and the doctor at the head of the hospital gave the credit for his very rapid recovery to bedside therapy. His case is cited simply as an example to show the practical results accomplished by the teaching of these occupations.

The idea of the War Service Classes is not to teach the disabled men occupations by which they can support themselves—the Red Cross Institute will do that after the men are discharged from hospital—but to interest them and divert their minds in those most difficult first weeks of convalescence when their vitality is too low to struggle against the overwhelming depression that is the first thing registered by their waking consciousness every day.

Would you like to put some happiness and interest—and perhaps a new realization of beauty of colour or design—into the grey hospital days of "our boys"? Then why don't you apply at the office of the War Service Classes for Training Reconstruction Aides for Military Hospitals, at 680 Fifth Avenue?

Already nine head aides—which means teachers who will have ten assistants working under them—have been sent to hospitals in France, and graduates of the summer classes have been appointed to the Lakewood Reconstruction Hospital, the Walter Reid Hospital in Washington, and to other base hospitals.

The course covers a period of three months; the autumn classes are already full, but a new term will open in January. This work offers very special opportunities to craft workers who wish to be of service, and in accepting applicants for training, preference will be given to those who are experienced in craft-work and who have a knowledge of design.

The officers of the organization are Mrs. Howard Mansfield, Director; Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, Assistant Director; Mrs. Frances Seaver, Secretary; and the Committee includes Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, Miss Maud M. Mason, Miss Anna C. Maxwell, Mrs. Grayson M. P. Murphy, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, junior, Mrs. James C. Rogerson, Mrs. Charles Sprague Smith, Mrs. Willard Straight, Mrs. Ripley Weisse, Dr. Russell A. Hibbs, Dr. Frederick Peterson, Dr. William L. Russell, and Major F. E. Williams.

S. G. S

PARIS KEEPS ITS PROMISE

(*Continued from page 36*)

At Paquin's, Mlle. Madeleine has not been satisfied to make changes in the length of her dresses, but has also used a number of pretty details within the silhouette. This silhouette is undeniably narrower than it has been, but it still allows the wearer to walk without being conspicuous, which is an excellent recommendation in these times.

PAQUIN

The thing that struck me most in Paquin's models is the use of tunics made in pieces. On some dresses they gave the impression of rather large pockets. In most cases the trimming on these panels runs on the bias instead of straight up and down,—which simply means that Mlle. Madeleine, with an originality for which one must give her credit, has banished symmetry from her frocks. This is certainly a very intelligent way of getting something new at a time when nothing very eccentric can be used in the outline.

The backs of dresses have never, or almost never, any similarity to the fronts. This is true of almost all the daytime and evening dresses, and it applies equally to the very heavy materials and to those metallic materials in brocades or stripes which Rodier has originated. A dress largely of squirrel made with a long Egyptian blouse and hardly held in at all at the waist, is a triumph of the furrier's art. It is very rare to see such softness in fur combined with such skill in making. The big capes of sable and chinchilla which we find at Paquin's are treated with the same art. The skins are arranged in such a way as to make the wearer look slender, and on the wide border they run in the opposite direction from those of the fronts and the rest of the garment. Capes are most liked by Paquin as a wrap, except for some fitted evening coats in light plush edged with bear or kid. One coat in particular is the great success of the season, in colour, as well as in shape. It is called "Joffre" and gives very slender and elegant lines.

For evening dresses, Mlle. Madeleine has kept to beautiful and conservative lines interpreted in such a way that they seem new. One of the models is short, perhaps, but its draped apron and the very novel lace on the collar fall irregularly in the most charming way, giving a broken line which is full of fantasy. The laces used by Paquin are neither Cluny, nor Chantilly, but a silk lace which is made on bobbins and is modern in design and very rich—quite different from any lace we have ever had before. The combination of these exquisite arabesques with eyelet embroidery and small coloured beads, the whole on gold tulle, is very splendid, but at the same time so conservative that it can be worn in war times.

Paquin uses few high collars. Her sleeves are long or short, according to the style of the dress. The general impression which I got at Paquin's was that the styles are sensible, based on the circumstances in which we are living, but full of innumerable new ideas. These ideas are somewhat restrained, but they are there none the less, and one feels sure that when the moment for general rejoicing comes, Mlle. Madeleine will dazzle our eyes with a gorgeous collection which it will be a delight to wear. That is a prospect to please every one.

Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce wore this delightful restaurant gown of black taffeta which has long sleeves, a deep cape-like collar, and a skirt with a bit of drapery about it

NEW YORK PREPARES FOR WINTER

(*Continued from page 57*)

ning was reached when Roshanara, a brilliant figure in yellow and orange and blue, danced against the sea and sky with a great orange coloured moon behind her, so close that her white arms seemed to touch it as she raised them.

About town there is the usual dining, a little dancing, and many new plays. The evening clothes which one sees so far are not particularly interesting, but it seems safe to predict, from them and from what one sees at the dressmakers, that the sleeved gown will be the prevailing type for the coming season. No doubt the woman whose wardrobe includes a number of evening dresses will find use for one or more formal decolleté gowns, but the woman with a restricted number will wisely confine her purchases to those of the less formal character. Mrs. Leonard Thomas wore a very interesting gown recently at an informal dinner. Over a skirt of cream white chiffon was a deep corselet-like blouse of dull silver lace, with long close sleeves and a simple flat finish about the neck. Her little ruffled cape of rose coloured taffeta was both quaint and becoming. Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce is wearing a delightful restaurant gown of black taffeta with a skirt with a bit of puffed drapery about it. The long sleeves are gathered into a close cuff, and a deep cape-like collar of point-lace extends almost to the waist and is caught about the neck with a little black ribbon ending in a bow in front.

Black is being worn to a considerable extent by women who are not in mourning, and there is no denying its effectiveness and the fact that it is becoming in the majority of cases. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, for instance, looks exceedingly well in a straight dress of black taffeta with an all-over design done very lightly in cream coloured thread. There is a transparent band at the bottom of the skirt, and with this frock she wears grey suède buckled slippers of the Colonial type. Her large irregularly shaped hat is of crushed black taffeta with no ornamentation whatever.

One begins to see a number of veils in the new warm tan shade which has been brought out this autumn and which is one of the most becoming colours that has been used for veils. It gives a lovely effect to the skin, especially in the case of a brown-haired woman. Dark veils, however, are still in evidence, and a very smart one seen recently at the Ritz is sketched on page 57. The design on each side vaguely suggested the Persian palm leaf, but the veil was plain over the face. Worn with a close black hat and one of the new gowns having no white about the neck, it was exceedingly smart. It is to be noted that the harshness of these collarless gowns is often relieved by a string of pearls which give the redeeming touch of white.

One of the smartest types of clothes that one sees at present are those evidently designed for the onlooker at outdoor sports on the order of the costume in the lower middle on page 57. This suit is in two shades of grey flannel with a skirt of the lighter colour tucked to a point well above the knees and a long tailed coat in the darker shade. A flat hat of taupe ostrich feathers and a taupe fox muff complete the costume. This interesting costume was seen one afternoon at the Piping Rock Club.

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VOGUE invites questions on dress, social conventions, etiquette, entertaining, household decorations, schools, and the shops. Any reader may have an answer on these and similar topics; Vogue stands ready to fill the rôle of an authoritative friendly adviser.

Because fashion is so variable and depends so much on who you are and where you are, it is always better to secure a reliable answer to each problem than to run the risk of making a mistake. Before asking Vogue, please read carefully the following rules:

(1) Addresses of where to purchase any article will be sent by mail without charge and as promptly as possible, provided that a self-addressed stamped envelope accompanies request.

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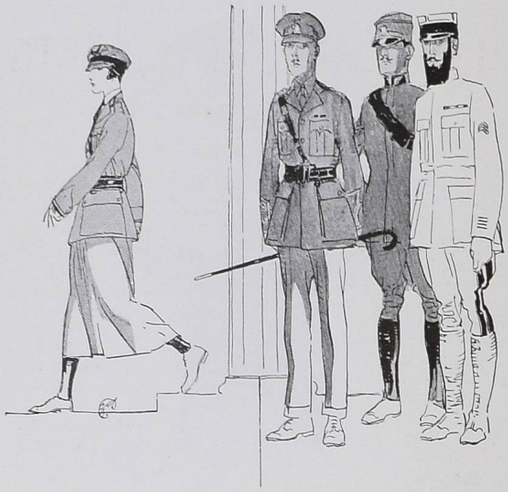

And last of all—the uniform. It is so comfortable, so well-fitting, so kind to the slim figure—what wonder one wears it with an air?

WHAT WAR HAS DONE TO CLOTHES

(*Continued from page 63*)

is far from useless. It is simply wool which has been worked over. The manufacturers this season have taken old wool clothes and clothes in which wool and cotton were combined, have sterilized them, and used acids to eat away any inferior matter which might have entered into the weave. After this process of sterilization and filtering, the material which remains is all clean wool and, save for the fact that the threads are shorter than those which are used in the first weaving, this material has not deteriorated in quality. Cloths made of shoddy are not quite so strong as those made of wool in the first weaving, but they are strong enough for women's ordinary wear, and these shoddy cloths are in every way as lovely in appearance as those made of the first weaving.

With the busy life which woman lives to-day there is little opportunity for change of apparel, and this condition has brought about the demand for an all-day costume. One answer to this need is the dress with a coat designed to accompany it. A woman wearing an outfit of this kind may spend her day in war work and at tea time stop to dance at a restaurant without the feeling of being inappropriately clad. The costume shown in the sketch in the middle on page 63 is an example of this type of frock. It consists of a simple satin dress closely following the lines of the figure, scanty as to skirt, but slashed at the back in such a way as to allow freedom for dancing. The coat which accompanies this is a novelty in that its entire surface is braided closely with black soutache braid in such a way as to give the appearance of Persian lamb. The coat is warm and very smart with its close shoulders, slightly flaring hip-line, and sleeves slashed on the inside to a little below the elbow.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 88*)

long-desired opportunity to appear in the character of one of the most celebrated of Americans. Many of the passages of dialogue are composed with an ingratiating combination of humour and charm that reveals the practiced authorship of Mr. Rhodes; but, from the structural standpoint, the piece is inconsecutive and spineless and displays the usual faults of a piece that has been built by an actor. Instead of showing a closely-patterned summary of an imagined passage of experience, it merely shows a sausage-string of incidents, each of which is intended by itself to register a sure theatrical effect. Because of this procedure, not even the central character of Mr. Barnum can be regarded as a good part for the actor. Barnum is characterized not so much by what he does, nor even by what he says, as by what is said about him by the other people in the play; and, though Mr. Wise is of course an excellent actor, he is not permitted by the text to create an illusion of absolute reality.

An attempt has been made to suggest the veritable atmosphere of the old circus ring by introducing a living skeleton, a fat lady, a pair of dwarfs, and a pathetic old clown who loves his elephants more than ever, after one of these animals has accidently wounded him to the very verge of death. All of this material is, of course, traditional; and equally familiar is the off-stage triumph, in the final act, of a singer who impersonates Jenny Lind and carols forth the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" as the final curtain falls.

It would be difficult to render a coherent summary of this helter-skelter play; for the composition may be described as a patch-work pieced together out of elements of many stories heard somewhere long ago. Half a century ago, P. T. Barnum was a person who was very much alive; and, if now he could revisit the glimpses of the footlights, it is safe to say that he would be disappointed at the commentary on his great career which is being shown at the Criterion Theatre.

The Cruise of the U-15

With Abject Apologies to the Creators of H. M. S. "Pinafore"

By PERCY WAXMAN

SCENE:—Deck of S. M. S. U-15 safely moored to a wharf at Hamburg out of Allied reach. Crew on deck crowding round a market-woman with a large basket on her arm. 'Tis Little Gutterpup, a well-known ship character.

LITTLE GUTTERPUP (*singing*)

I'M called Leedle Gutterpup,
Svete leedle Gutterpup
Boot I coult nefer tell vy.
Still I'm called Gutterpup,
Svete leedle Gutterpup
Svete leedle Gutterpup I.
I've Kraut dot iss sour
Of shavings und flour
I've frankfurters made out of drees
I've almost—Budweiser
Und phony Ankeuser
Kartoffeln und someding like cheese
I've acorns for coffee
And substitute toffee
Tobacco of straw nice und dry
I've wool-shirts of cotton
Und shoes dot are rotten
So gome of your Gutterpup, puy.

THE CREW

Ve can't puy noddings. Ve ain't got our pay. Iss there some credit yet?

LITTLE GUTTERPUP

Nein you Schwein—ach! boot see who comes here mit a face so long as von of dem leberwursts ve used to enchoy. (*Enter—Raphael Rassmussen.*)

RAPHAEL

Ach! Leedle Gutterpup—speak not so gruel. It vos of leberwurst I choost tinking vos. (*The crew draws near sympathetically.*)

RAPHAEL'S SONG

Dere vos a day
Ven food vos as cheap as air
You had to pay
Merely a small affair
But now it ain't quite so.

ALL

But now it ain't quite so
I haven't been
Near Moselle vines or beers
Nor have I seen
Münchener for four long years
Ven vill I? I don't know.

ALL

Ven vill ve? Ve don't know.

BOATSWAIN (*in tears*)

Vell, Raphael, cheer oop. Der time may come ven ve sink von of dem verdamnnte Yankee transborts und ve trink again yes?

(*Enter Captain Schweinhund, as merry as if he's just sunk a hospital ship.*)

CAPTAIN

Vell, voss ist?

THE CREW (*lying flat*)

Noddings Herr Gabptain.

CAPTAIN

Goot. Den I sing to you. Gomm here und chorus ven I ask it. (*He sings.*)

CAPTAIN'S SOLO

I am der Captain of Der U-15.

ALL

Und a schengut Gaptain too.

CAPTAIN

Und I don't tink I half seen
Sooch a dirty rotten mean
Sooch a typical Prussian grew.
OH! I love to cut a troat
Efery minute I'm afloat
For it fills my heart mit glee;
Und I celebrate at mess
Ven a vessel's in distress
Und I nefer safe a life at sea.

ALL

Vot nefer!

CAPTAIN

No nefer!

ALL

Vot nefer!

CAPTAIN (*angrily as if his crew doubt him*)

Nein Schwein! Nefer!

ALL

He nefer safes a life at sea
So gif tree hochs mit hoots between
For der pirate Gaptain of der U-15.
(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Katrinka, the Captain's daughter. She doesn't see the Captain. She sorrowfully seats herself on a hatch and broods.*)

KATRINKA'S SONG

Vot shall I do to hide by grief
How can I guard against my sorrow,
People vill say I'm choost a tief
All vill be found out by to-morrow.
Vy did I do de ting I did
Gott! Vy did I touch dot awful lid?
(*Enter Captain*)

CAPTAIN

Mein Kind, tell me alles;
Vos iss it dot make you sooch tears?

KATRINKA

Fader, I cannot tell.

CAPTAIN

Katrinka you must. To-day Von Schlitz, the All-But-Highest-in-Command of der Nafy, iss goming to pin an Iron Gross on me und my grew und I vant he should see you at your best. Now den Katrinka voss ist?

KATRINKA

Fader, forgive me—at lunch to-day I —er—I

CAPTAIN

Go on Katrinka.

KATRINKA

I took two lumps of sugar for my beech-leafs-tea und—

CAPTAIN

S—sh! My child not so loud or I'll be gourt-martialed. Only der Kaiser can haf two pieces of sugar in von day. Gott, Katrinka, how could you? Now ve must marry you to Von Schlitz to cover up your shame. If dis ever out should get I vould be ruined. Quick—here he gomes.

KATRINKA

Fader, I hate Von Schlitz; his face is like der bush of syringa. He is all hair. Hair on his face, hair on his eyes, hair on his hands und hair—

(*Enter a sailor hurriedly saluting, announcing "Herr Admiral Von Schlitz," who enters shaking hands with the Captain and brushing Katrinka's hand with his lips.*)

VON SCHLITZ

Ah! fraulein how peautifool you look to-day. But vy are you trempling so?

CAPTAIN

Oh! Herr Admiral, it iss because of der honor you do us to gome here on dis modest little U-Boat.

VON SCHLITZ

You forget yourself, Gaptain. No boat of der All-Highest can be a modest little boat. Say not so again. Call der grew. I vould decorate them for your fictory of last veek. Dere vos four pounds of wieners on dat neutral barge you sunk and I am to congradulate you in der Kaiser's name.

(*Enter crew on all fours. At a signal from Captain Schweinhund they rise and salute Von Schlitz.*)

VON SCHLITZ (*sings*)

Ven I vos a lad choost ten years old
I nefer dit a blessed ting vot I vos told

(*Continued on page 94*)

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The Cruise of the U-15

(*Continued from page 93*)

I stole der leedle money-box my sister hat
Und I vent und pawnt der underwear of dear olt dat
I lied und tieved so skilfully
Dot now I am der Kingpin of der Deutsch Navy.

Before sixteen I vos sooch a Schvein
I got a goot position on a merchant line
I slept all day und nefer vorked
Und efery kind of duty gleefully I shirked
Behind deir packs I knifed each pal
Und now I am der Kaiser's fav'rite Admiral.

Ven a var iss on I shtick at home
I haven't der ambition on der sea to roam
Der Kaiser's plans vill do for me
So I let der common beoples risk deir lives at sea
Und safe I shtay py der Kiel Canal
Like a typically cunning Cherman Admiral.

VON SCHLITZ

You have a fine grew, Gaptain.

CAPTAIN

Yes, my Lord Admiral, it is a fine grew. There's no bunch of men in our All Highest's Navy can loot a helpless sailing vessel quicker or torpedo a lightship more accurately or sink a hospital ship on a dark night with more courage.

VON SCHLITZ

Goot! Vell, Gaptain, in honor of my visit double the allowance of sawdust for to-night's zupper.

THE CREW

Hoch der Admiral!

VON SCHLITZ

Und now Gaptain, plees gome below vile I speak mit you on private madders. (*Exeunt all.*)
(*Enter Katrinka followed by Raphael*)

KATRINKA

Voss iss loss?

RAPHAEL

Frauelein listen to somedings. Dis afternoon I voss taking a nap in der forward hatch und I heard you gonvess to your fader all about dot sugar you stole und—

KATRINKA (*alarmed*)

Gott in Himmel! I am lost!

RAPHAEL (*threateningly*)

Boot nefer fear. I am a drue Cherman. I vill not splid on you if you make it vort my vile. Choost gif me dose two meat carts I see mate into a bankle on your arm and den noddings vill be said.

KATRINKA

Ask me not dot. Here let me gif you dese pearls or dis ruby ring of my modders. You cannot be so gruel as to ask my lasd dwo meat carts.

RAPHAEL (*firmly*)

I dell you I'm a Cherman and vill never go back on a good pargain ven I haf a voman in my power.

KATRINKA

Vell I gonsent. Vait for me here dill I gome back. I moost be alone before I gif up my dreasure. (*Exit Katrinka for one moment. When she returns she brings her father and Von Schlitz and confronts Raphael.*)

KATRINKA

Dere, fader! dere he iss! Dot man insoolt me. He dried to steal my dwo meat carts.

CAPTAIN

Vot!

VON SCHLITZ (*horrified*)

Vot!

CAPTAIN

Here men! dake diss vellow und keel him. Don't vaste a drop und den tomorrow ve all have blutvürst again hein?

THE CREW (*merrily*)

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!
(*Exeunt all but Von Schlitz, Captain Schweinhund and Katrinka.*)

CAPTAIN

And now young beoples I leaf you alone for a minute. (*Exit.*)

VON SCHLITZ

Gome here Katrinka. Pe not affraid. Ve ain't married yet. Tremple not. (*Kisses her hand rapturously.*) You luff me, yes?

KATRINKA

Oh, yess!

VON SCHLITZ

Den ve marry, eh? Und now dake dis leedle gift. Here are dree sugar carts all for you.

KATRINKA (*overcome*)

Oh! Vot choy iss mine. How goot you are to me. I must call Fader. (*Calls.*) Fader! Fader! gome here. (*Enter the Captain followed by the crew.*) Look vot der Herr Admiral has giff me. Ve are safed.

CAPTAIN

Ach! liebe gott! vot magnificence, only a drue Cherman could do dot.

VON SCHLITZ

Ach! yah, only a drue Cherman. (*Sings*)
I am a drue Cher-Man!
For I meinself haff said it
Und it's greadly do my gredit
Dot I am a dru Cher-man.

ALL

Dot he iss a drue Cher-man.

VON SCHLITZ

I really am a Prussian, not French or Turk or Russian
Or yet Bulgarian.

ALL

Or yet Bulgarian.

VON SCHLITZ

But in spide of all demdations
To belong to decent nations
I remain a drue Cher-man.

ALL

He remains a drue Cherman.

VON SCHLITZ

I might have been a mushy man
A busy kindly rushy man
Or perhaps a gentleman.

ALL

Or perhaps a gentleman.

VON SCHLITZ

In order to go higher
I had to be a liar
Like efery real Cher-man.

ALL

Like efery real Cher-man.

VON SCHLITZ

So in spide of all demdations
To belong to decent nations
I remain a drue Cher-man.

ALL (*in final chorus*)

He remains a drue Cher-man!

VON SCHLITZ (*cheerily*)

Und now my goot fellows, you gan all gome to der wedding to-morrow —

THE CREW (*interrupting*)

Hoch! Hoch!

VON SCHLITZ

—admission one meat-cart or dwo dobacco-carts.

THE CREW (*all go out singing*)

For he is a drue Cherman.

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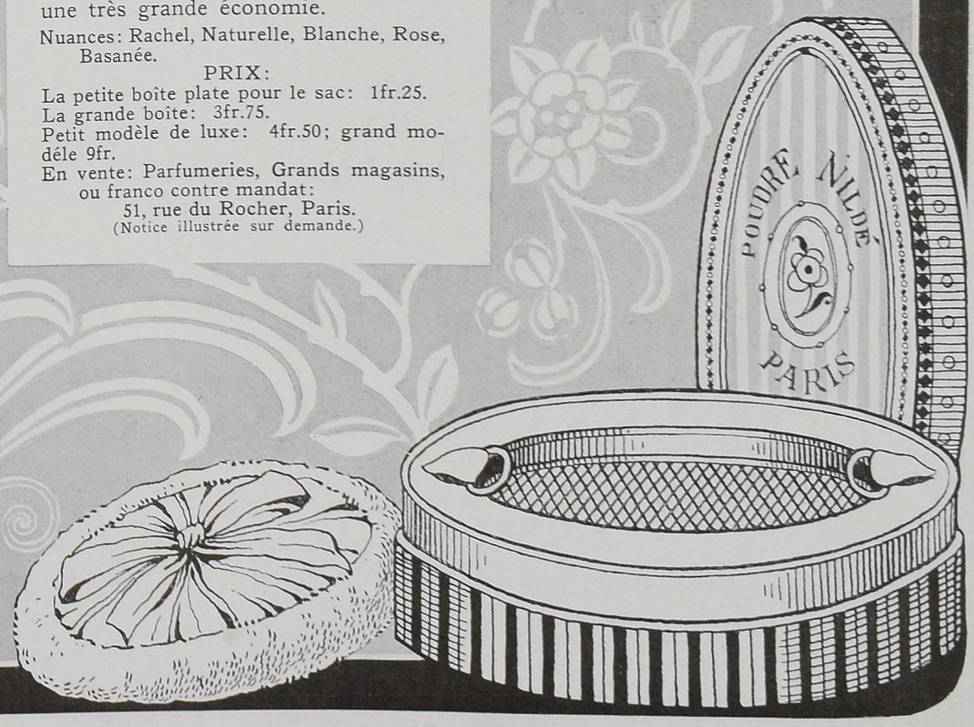

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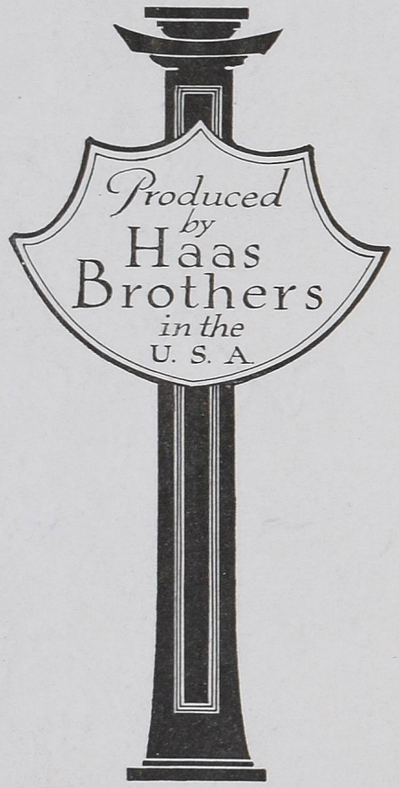

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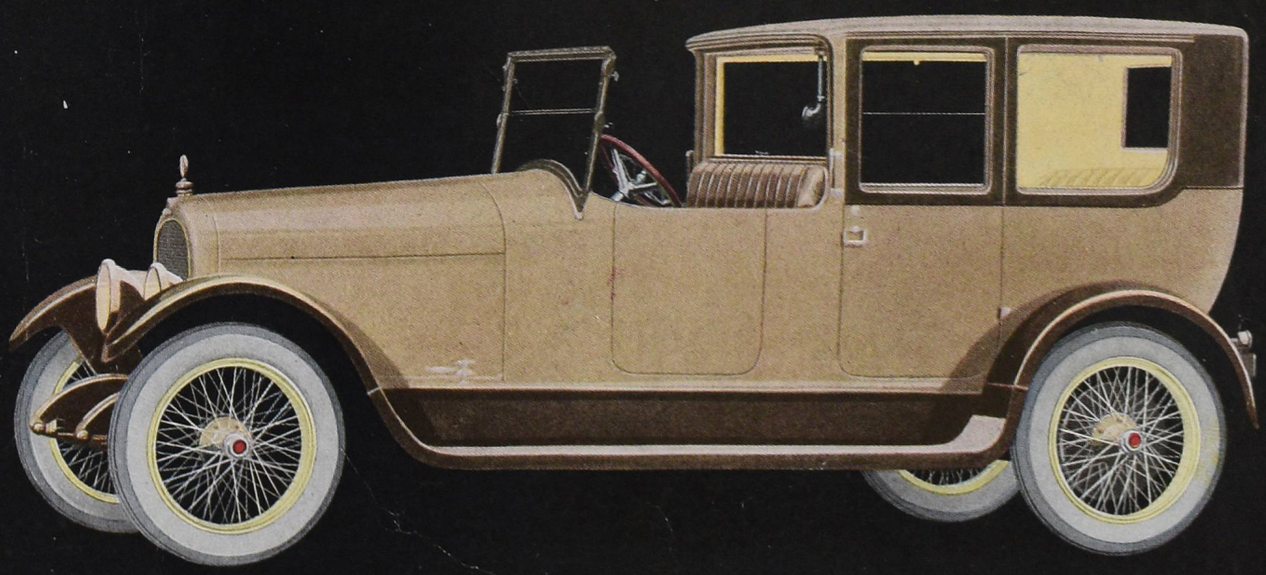

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